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AT HOBOKEN.

The wind is low, the woods are green,
The white-sailed yachts before me pass,
Their keen keels cleave the sea serene
As diamond cuts through glass.

Before me lies the queen-like town,
Around her hangs a hazy cloak
Of sunny mist, and as a crown
A coronet of smoke.

I sit and watch the ferry-boat
Alternate come, alternate go;
And as she floats my queries float—
"Ah! will she come or no?"

At last I see upon the deck
A gleam of pink, a fluttering gown,
A laughing face, a snowy neck,
And eyes of hazel brown.

Along the Elysian fields we stroll
And watch the sunburned striplings play,
And then we seek a shadowy knoll—
I something have to say.

My heart is opened, and I tell
The love that She for years has known;
I try to put in words the spell
That she has round me thrown.

All silently she answers me,
My arm creeps slowly round her waist,
About her red lips like a bee
I hover, and I taste.

The woods are green, the wind is low,
The white-sailed yachts before us glide,
As hand in hand we homeward go,
I and my promised bride.

THE MEETING.

The old coach-road through a common of furze
With knolls of pines, ran white:
Berries of autumn, with thistles, and burrs,
And spider-threads, droopt in the light.

The light in a thin blue vail peer'd sick;
The sheep grazed close and still;
The smoke of a farm by a yellow rick
Curl'd lazily under a hill.

THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT BRIDGE.—[See next Page.]

No fly shook the round of the silver net;
 No insect the swift bird chased;
Only two travelers moved and met
 Across that hazy waste.

One was a girl with a babe that throve,
 Her ruin and her bliss;
One was a youth with a lawless love,
 Who clasped it the more for this.

The girl for her babe made prayerful speech;
 The youth for his love did pray;
Each cast a wistful look on each,
 And either went their way.

THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT BRIDGE.

WE engrave on the preceding page the WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT BRIDGE over Rock Creek, at the western end of Pennsylvania Avenue, now near completed, under the direction of Captain MEIGS. The following description of the bridge is derived from official sources:

"This bridge is a cast-iron arch of twenty feet rise and two hundred feet clear span between the abutments. The arch consists of two ribs, each of which is composed of seventeen cast-iron pipes of forty-eight inches internal diameter, and twelve feet three inches in length. Upon these two arched ribs, which are firmly connected with each other by cast-iron tubular cross braces and heavy wrought-iron diagonal ties, is erected a frame-work of heavy rolled iron H beams, from the works of the Phœnix Iron Company of Philadelphia, supporting two continuous horizontal iron girders, of two hundred and four feet six inches in length. Upon these girders rest cross beams of timber, supporting the roadway of the bridge, which embraces two city railroad and carriage tracks, and two paths for foot-passengers.

"This bridge is particularly remarkable for the double duty which the arch performs. While it supports a roadway, forming a beautiful and much-needed communication, by which the traffic between the cities of Washington and Georgetown is carried on, the water of the Washington Aqueduct is conveyed into the city of Washington through the pipes of which the arch is composed. To guard against all danger of freezing the pipes are lined with staves of resinous pine timber, three inches in thickness, leaving a clear water-way in each rib of three and a half feet in diameter.

"The abutments contain vaults, in which are the connecting pipes and stop-cocks for regulating the flow and discharge of water; and in the western abutment, on the Georgetown side, one of the vaults serves as an engine-room, and contains a water-pressure engine—the first, it is believed, erected in this country.

"This engine, drawing its supply from the cast-iron street mains of the Washington Aqueduct, pumps ten thousand gallons of water per hour into a reservoir on the heights of Georgetown, a mile distant, and two hundred and four feet above the machine. This reservoir supplies that portion of Georgetown which is above the level of the great store and distributing reservoirs of the Washington Aqueduct."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1860.

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE exports of the United States during the twelve months ending 30th June last exceeded four hundred millions of dollars. That is to say, they were more than twice the exports of the twelve months ending June 30, 1850, and very considerably more than the exports of any year since then. The following table will show the progress of our foreign trade since 1850:

Years.	Imports.	Exports.
1850	$178,138,318	$151,898,720
1851	216,224,932	218,388,011
1852	212,945,442	209,642,325
1853	267,978,647	230,452,250
1854	304,652,381	278,241,064
1855	261,468,520	275,156,846
1856	314,639,942	326,964,908
1857	360,890,141	362,960,682
1858	282,613,150	324,644,421
1859	338,768,130	356,789,462
1860	361,797,209	400,167,461

It is hardly necessary to make any remarks upon the above statement. It demonstrates, in an unanswerable manner, the steady progress of the United States, in spite of financial revulsions, political disturbances, and the perennial jealousies with which this country is honored by the nations of Europe. It shows, by the test of figures, that, whatever follies our merchants or our politicians may commit, the course of the country at large is steadily onward and upward; and that, judged by the best of all tests—material progress—our "republican experiment" is really a success.

These great exports of the United States naturally divide themselves into four great divisions — gold, food, cotton, and miscellaneous. Their relative proportions last year were as follows:

Gold	$56,946,851
Food	52,586,636
Cotton	191,806,555
Miscellaneous	98,827,419
Total exports	$400,167,461

The great difference between the exports of the United States and those of other leading commercial nations is, that ours are chiefly the products of the soil, while theirs are chiefly the products of labor. Four-fifths of the exports of Great Britain and France are manufactures. Our exports of manufactures, though steadily increasing year by year, only amounted in 1859-'60 to $35,454,644—rather more than a twelfth of our whole export. We have so much and such fertile land that it pays our people better to grow cotton, corn, or pork, or to dig for gold, than it does to weave or to spin or to forge. In the one case, nature assists labor; in the other, labor is unassisted; the actual increase of wealth is, therefore, greater in the former than in the latter case by just so much as nature's help may be valued at. If we could estimate in figures or dollars the work which Providence does for us in vivifying the seed which we plant in the earth, that amount would exactly represent the excess of our annual increase in wealth over the increase of manufacturing nations. Hereafter, when we have no more new land to fill up, industry will probably become more profitable than agriculture; but the map warns us that this period is yet far distant.

Of all our exports cotton is by far the most important. It constituted, alone, nearly one half of the total export of the year 1859-'60; had the weather this year been as favorable for the plant as last year's was, we should probably have exported considerably over $200,000,000 of cotton in the year ending 30th June, 1861. As it is, our export will not probably fall short of that of 1859-'60. And the most cheering fact in connection with this cotton business is, that it can not but go on increasing. The demand for cotton grows in the exact ratio of the spread of civilization. The supply is limited to the Southern States, no other region in the world being capable of producing the cotton of commerce. This is the key to the steady and remarkable increase in the cotton crop during the present generation, of which the following table affords a fair idea:

OUR COTTON CROP.

Years.	Bales.	Years.	Bales.
1859-'60	4,675,770	1850-'51	2,355,257
1858-'59	3,851,481	1849-'50	2,096,706
1857-'58	3,113,962	1848-'49	2,728,596
1856-'57	2,939,519	1847-'48	2,347,634
1855-'56	3,527,845	1846-'47	1,788,651
1854-'55	2,847,389	1845-'46	2,100,537
1853-'54	2,930,027	1844-'45	2,394,503
1852-'53	3,262,882	1843-'44	2,030,409
1851-'52	3,015,020	1842-'43	2,378,875

Unless political agitations should hinder, it is fair to presume that the spread of agriculture in the Cotton States will gradually swell the crop to figures as far greater than those of 1860 as the latter are greater than those of 1850 and 1840; while the spread of civilization will meanwhile cause the demand to increase at least as fast as the staple can be supplied.

It is different with our other two great staples—gold and food. It seems beyond question that we have passed the maximum of our gold product. During the ten years which have elapsed since the gold fields of California were first successfully worked, every promising placer has been pretty thoroughly explored, the surface diggings exhausted, and the best sites stripped of their treasure. At the present time the product of gold in California is steadily declining. The product of 1859 was less than that of 1858; the product of 1860—to 1st September—is about $4,000,000 less than that of 1859 to the same date. It is not likely that the auriferous rocks, which are being worked with every appliance of modern science, will ever cease to yield gold; but there is reason to believe that we shall never again witness yields of $65,000,000 or $75,000,000 a year. Possibly the new discoveries of silver and quicksilver may make up the falling off in the more popular metal; but we ought not to assume that they will. We ought to be prepared to see the gold mines of California fall into the same rank as the gold mines of Russia, and so to order our business, and especially our banking business, that no great harm can flow from a steady curtailment of our specie resources.

There is, thank God, no prospect of any decline in our supply of food. It will take centuries to bring into cultivation the lands in the West, which now only need the hand of the farmer to produce, in average years, twenty bushels of wheat or fifty of corn to the acre. Our wild pasture-lands will feed, free of expense, cattle and hogs enough to supply the world with meat. Every year the production of food increases, and must increase for half a century to come at least. At the same time, it must be observed that the consumption of food in this country is also increasing at a marvelous rate. The old formulas of European economists with regard to the amount of food consumed by each individual in a given period of time have been proved to be worthless in this country, for we eat, as a people, a great deal more than any other people in the world. Let any one try to verify the well-known formula about wheat, viz., that each person consumes four bushels of wheat per annum, and he will discover the fact. Nor need it be a puzzle. There never was a country since history began where there was so much solid comfort and plenty among what Europeans call "the lower classes" as in the United States: never was a country where those classes could afford to consume so much wholesome food. The ever-recurring picture in the poor households of Great Britain, France, and Germany—famine and privation, parents stinting themselves of necessary aliment, and children crying for food they can not get—is, thank Heaven, never seen here. We can all afford to eat, and we do eat, more and of better food than Europeans; hence, notwithstanding the steady increase in our production of food, our surplus, over and above our wants, does not increase very rapidly, and we rather think that, in an average of years, our exports of food will not, under ordinary circumstances, maintain the importance in our export table which they have hitherto possessed.

Much, in the future commerce of the United States, must depend upon the course of affairs on the Pacific. We know what the Atlantic States can do, to whom they can sell their surplus, and from whom they can buy; but the Pacific States are an unsolved problem. No part of the world is better calculated for agriculture than the slopes of this continent toward the Pacific; new State as she is, and peopled mainly by miners and merchants, California exports this year 1,000,000 bushels of wheat. Oregon and Washington are at least equally fertile. Opposite to these regions, divided by an ocean twice as wide as the Atlantic, but as safe to navigate as the Hudson River, live two great nations, comprising between them one half the human race—intelligent, civilized, rich, commercial, and ripe for an extended and gainful trade with their neighbors. Evidently, the future trade of the United States will be materially affected by the nature of the intercourse which may be created between China and Japan and our Pacific coast. There are those who believe that it will far eclipse the European trade in importance, and that the Pacific Railroad will derive its best traffic from the share in it which will fall to the lot of the Eastern cities. However this may be, no estimate of our future commercial history is worth consideration which does not make due allowance for the changes that must follow the creation of a great trade across the Pacific Ocean.

THE CITY CHAMBERLAIN AND THE ARTISANS' BANK.

A FEW weeks since Mayor Wood removed the City Chamberlain, and appointed a new man in his place. The change practically removed the city deposits from the Shoe and Leather Bank—of which the deposed Chamberlain was President—to the Artisans' Bank, of which the new Chamberlain is President.

The condition of the Artisans' Bank has, consequently, become a subject of some attention. The financial business of the city is large. The deposits are heavy, and occasionally the checks are for large amounts. Having only a small capital—$600,000—the possession of the City Account placed the Artisans' Bank in a new light in relation to the other city banks. The Chamberlain may, any day, draw a check for the whole capital of the Artisans' Bank; that check, duly certified, may be deposited, as cash, in another bank; the depositor may, in his turn, draw out of that bank the $600,000 so placed to his credit; and if it should happen that the Artisans' Bank should fail between the deposit of the check and the exchanges next morning, the bank which received the check on deposit and debited itself with it, as cash, would have no recourse save upon the capital of the Artisans'. This being the condition of affairs, attention was directed, some days since, to the fact that the Artisans' Bank was "running debtor," several days in succession, at the Clearing House. There were also strange rumors about the specie reserve of the Artisans' Bank: it was commonly reported that statements made by certain officers of that bank were not easily reconciled with the facts, and that the bank was buying specie—an obvious evidence of weakness. On the strength of these facts and rumors, a Committee was appointed by the Clearing House Association to examine the state of the suspected bank. That Committee reported, on 18th, that the bank was good for all its debts, but that its capital was impaired to the extent of 33 per cent. The Clearing House Association refused to receive the report, and directed the Committee to prosecute the examination more thoroughly, and to report, by 25th, whether or no the banks should, as a body, receive on deposit checks on the Artisans' Bank. In anticipation of the report, the Artisans' Bank on 19th voluntarily withdrew from the Clearing House, and became a private banking institution keeping an account in the American Exchange Bank.

As, however, the President of the Artisans' Bank continues to be City Chamberlain, we may observe that the inconvenience of having the City Account in a bank whose credit is suspected is obvious. In these days of political corruption it is of the highest importance that the city funds should be not only out of danger, but in so safe a place that no one should dream of risk. Again, the office of depository of the city funds is one of great delicacy and responsibility. At times, over a million of dollars of the city money lies on deposit—without interest—to the credit of the Chamberlain in the bank where he keeps his account. The temptation to use this money, and to earn dividends for the bank, must be as great as the risk of losing a part of it by unsound banking operations. The least spark of prudence would suggest that this large deposit should be placed in an institution where, in the event of accident, its recovery should be beyond question. Within the next week or ten days not less than three millions of dollars will be paid to the City Chamberlain for the city. Will it be quite safe, even under the new arrangement?

Rumor is, of course, busy on the subject of the means by which the Artisans' Bank obtained the City Account, and of the sacrifices it has since made to retain it. It is unfortunate for Mr. Fernando Wood, Mayor of New York, that his character does not screen him from imputations at which men less unpleasantly known could afford to laugh. For our part, we give Mr. Wood credit for sagacity enough to see that a present gain of twenty or thirty thousand dollars would involve a loss so much greater in the future that the game would not be worth the candle. Of many of the Aldermen, of course, no one expects any thing but roguery, corruption, cheating, and rascality. But Mr. Wood is surely ambitious enough to look for something better than what a man of his capacity could earn by honest trading in a twelvemonth; and we take for granted, therefore, that, whatever is done, he will not stand in the way of the public interest.

THE LOUNGER.

ABOUT COMMERCE.

IN the city of New York there will never be a word wanting in praise of commerce. At a Cattle-Show and Agricultural Fair the orator always tells his hearers that they follow the oldest and most reverend of callings, and they applaud vehemently, for they believe him, and they like to be well spoken of. The animal is not yet found who does not like to be tickled, if you can only find the proper place to tickle.

Now a city like New York is a permanent commercial Cattle-Show, and the fraternity engaged are always glad to hear not only that they are the richest and greatest and best of people themselves, but that they are the cause of a full crop of the cardinal virtues among all people with whom they are brought into communication in any part of the world. The Reverend Benjamin Blarney never fails to decorate his discourses with allusions to merchant-princes, and to dilate upon the Christianizing influences of commerce; and the Honorable Lemuel Lampoil, in his political speeches, informs the audience that commerce is the pivot of human happiness and progress.

These worthy gentlemen doubtless believe what they say. Blarney and Lampoil are synonymous with honesty and severity. The hearers, in the one case, are very apt to publish the sermon, and to have the preacher made a D.D.; and, in the other, to have the orator made an M.C. It is perfectly intelligible. These two excellent gentlemen have discovered the particular place in which that particular animal likes to be tickled; and they have produced the happiest results to all concerned by the humble agency of a straw.

But the assumption is the old story of *post hoc propter hoc*. Trade originally seeks a private advantage. Trade penetrates Japan that it may make money out of Japan. If money is not to be made there, Trade will not stop to introduce Christian civilization. Not at all. It will push on to the next country where there is a chance of money-making. But as the most intelligent people are the most enterprising, it happens that when commerce has secured an opening in a country, the civilization of the country of the merchants, such as it is, follows. But that is a consequence not contemplated nor cared for by Trade itself. A cow which thinks there is better grazing in the next pasture may break down the wall to get at it, and a lovely lady may afterward walk quietly through—and a lady who could not otherwise have done it; but it were a gamesome cow that should claim the honor of having introduced that fair lady to a walk in the fresh fields and pastures new.

The moral influence of trade or commerce is to be studied upon our own frontier, for instance. Does it there elevate manners and purify the moral sentiments? Or was the moral progress of any nation always proportionate to the development of its commercial spirit? On the contrary, the problem of modern times is how to control that spirit so that it shall not debauch the conscience of nations. Napoleon's sneer at the nation of shop-keepers was legitimate. The shop-keeping policy is always the present condition at all hazards. Change is synonymous with danger. Improvement is to that spirit but a specious name for injury. Napoleon was convinced that such a people would purchase peace at the cost of a great deal of honor and moral conviction. Or who supposes that the simple, hardy virtues are so common in Holland to-day as when her people put the country under water rather than suffer it to remain under a rule which was repugnant to them? Yet the Dutch have been of the most eminent traders in modern times. Is there a corresponding eminence in the moral tone of Dutch society? And Echo answers, *Is there?*

The Cattle-Show Committee justly awards a vote of thanks to the eloquent speaker who has celebrated the antiquity and innocence of their calling—the parish gratefully accords its influence to the Doctorate for the bland Blarney—and the pleased votaries of Trade clearly perceive the peculiar fitness of Lampoil to adorn a Congressional arm-chair; but History is over all; even beyond Blarney and Lampoil. It makes up the great final record, and it shows, not for the purpose of tickling, but of teaching, that the expansion and growth of moral character are not according to the extent of trade, and that it yet remains to be demonstrated that a commercial oligarchy would benefit the nation over which it ruled more than any other aristocracy.

The consolation is, that the American people have repudiated the aristocratic spirit wherever it shows itself.

THE RISING OF THE CURTAIN.

THE Ravels have retired to some retreat in France to pass the evening of their days upon the solid earth, and to dwell no more upon tight ropes and the ends of perpendicular poles. Yet a cautious Lounger wonders as he writes whether the Ravels who have done this wise thing are Ravels, or whether the name is merely a traditional title for certain people who do certain things. Is Ravel a family name? Could so many of one kindred be made of India-rubber and cork? Is Blondin a Ravel, *ex officio*?

However, I did not mean to look at the Ravels, who are going, but at Mr. Forrest, who is coming. He is playing again. Probably it is a farewell engagement, because that seems to be the only kind that great players now undertake; for Mr. Forrest is unquestionably a great player. Not in the abstract, positive sense; but there are certain kinds of character which he can apparently adequately portray. He is of the muscular dramatic school—the scowling school—the *basso profundo* school. Humor he probably has not. It would be pleasant to know if he readily feels the point of a joke. How do you think he would do for Charles Surface? Can you fancy him as Mercutio? On the other hand, it is not easy to conceive of a better Spartacus or Jack Cade as they are historically known. But it would not be easy to imagine Edmund Kean as Spartacus or Garrick as Jack Cade.

Within his range, therefore—not out of it—he may be called a great player. The ideal of Spartacus is simply a robust gladiator condemned to fight. It is a case of the sanguinary P. R. When he comes on nobody doubts that he beholds the gladiator as adequately as he could be presented upon the stage. Is it not fair to suppose that the gladiatorial voice was something rough—that the gladiatorial *r*'s were rolled a good deal in getting them out, etc., etc.? But the Hamlet, the pale, fiery, dreamy, delicate-thoughted Prince of Denmark, do you suppose he made eyes and gurgled his r's? Mr. Forrest is not a Shakesperian actor in the usual sense of the word. That shadowy refinement which impalpably invests all Shakespeare's characters, as this autumn air, with a touch of sadness which we feel and can not see, makes the whole landscape tender—this must be profoundly appreciated by a kindred genius, or the words and the situations fail to reproduce the character. It is impossible to suppose Mr. Forrest's Hamlet to be Shakespeare's; but it is no shame to a man's talent that it can not equally illustrate every effort.

We are presently to see Miss Cushman upon the same stage. They are the two most famous of our actors; nor are they in many qualities altogether unlike. Of Miss Cushman's playing we shall have a word by-and-by. How different her career has been from that of many who began more brilliantly! Miss Cushman commenced as a singer. Losing her voice (although it is still most effective in picturesque ballad singing), she became a stock actress at the old Park. Her combined talent and energy constantly pushed her into a larger career, until she stands at the head of her profession in the country, by the side of Mr. Forrest. But where is Miss Heron?—she who certainly more excited "the town" than any actress since Fanny Kemble or Clara Fisher?—she who, upon a certain snowy Saturday night, challenged, in the eager admiration of cultivated men, a comparison with Rachel and Ristori? What a whirl of success it was! What a blaze of sudden glory! Did you see her when she was here last? Do you know any one who saw her? What! you did not know she had been here?

It is curious, while we are still chatting of the theatre, that Edwin Booth, who is the full heir of his father's genius, and is so recognized in many places, is so generally unknown to the outside public of New York. His Hamlet is of the kind that makes girls dream and despair. His Romeo is called by thoughtful critics a revelation. Would it not be worth while to give him a fair chance here, with a good company, and at a good time of year? He was last here, for a single evening, in mid-summer. Shall we not see and hear that Hamlet and that Romeo?

THE LAST OF WALKER.

THE man who has unscrupulously shot so many men in cold blood has probably himself been shot. Is there any romantic regret for his fate? But you can not make a hero of William Kidd. He suffered at Execution Dock, a condemned pirate, for offenses a hundred-fold less heinous than those of Walker. If some of the many who know the details of the career of this burlesque Cortéz would publish them, you would be amazed at the terrible criminality of the man. When he first went to Nicaragua he had the pretense of an excuse—but his object was patent throughout. When he had utterly wasted and blasted the country he succeeded in escaping with his neck, and universal contempt extinguished him. In his recent invasion of Honduras he unquestionably ran for luck; and luck has run dismally against him.

Every honest American must regret that this man was a countryman, for he has shown none of the qualities which command admiration, win respect, or inspire confidence. Every honest American must regret, also, that his own Government had not punished him. It may be very true that a great, prosperous, united, and civilized nation will gradually and surely extend its domination over neighbors who are weak, and forever warring among themselves. But it will not be extended by such men as William Walker, nor by such means as his. It was in the spirit of the time that Spain swelled her possessions, by the hands of the great and little pirates of the Gulf, who overran Central America three centuries and more ago. It is in the spirit of the time that our territorial expansion should be peaceful and benignant. A nation may have conscience as well as an individual. It may have an honor, also, which shall be something better than what generally passes by that name. What American will not hope that his country has them both? What American would not doubt it, when he remembers the Nicaraguan aid meetings in New York, and the fact that this Kidd the Less had a kind of social recognition?

The only reparation he could make to outraged humanity was dying quietly. Probably when we hear of his execution we shall hear that he did so. It is not difficult for those who have seen him to picture that small, insignificant form, the flat head of thin sandy hair, the dull light-gray or blue eyes, the smooth face expressing no emotion nor ability, in cold stolidity awaiting the end. However rash, however misguided, however incompetent, however guilty of bloodshed and harm he may have been, had he been but honestly mistaken in a noble and humane cause, then, while his individual fate might be thought not undeserved, all generous hearts would have wept for him with sacred pity.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

"IF a man wants to make sure of the ruin of his son, let him send him into some small country-town, instead of keeping him under his own eye at home."

The Lounger, while he was lately lounging, heard the remark earnestly made by a man who had a son to educate. The same thing has been sometimes hinted before. But who does not choose to believe in the virtue of the rural population? Who, while he lives in the city, has not a secret suspicion that the country is Arcadia—that swains and nymphs dance upon the green—and that Queens of May, innocence, and goodness peculiarly haunt villages, "country sides," and small towns?

Doubtless the Lounger chats every week with many who live in all those places, and as they read these words they are asking themselves the question, whether boys are better off among them—boys, that is to say, at school, not their own children. In the town, all kinds of resorts for all kinds of purposes are alluringly open—theatres, dram-shops, billiard-rooms, gambling-houses, amusements of all kinds, and places which are not advertised in the papers. Besides these there is the crowd of vagabonds, shiftless adventurers, and polite scoundrels; and still in addition, there is the hot, envious competition of display and extravagance, in which so much misery is rooted. In the country there is a greater publicity of individual life, fewer chances of amusement which may be abused, less excitement of contact, a consequently moderated tone, and less temptation to display; and with all these, external conditions of health which are more normal and promising.

But, on the other hand, against the dangers of the city is to be urged the incomparable advantage of parental superintendence. In the country the boy finds liquor, if he wants it; he gambles, if he desires to; in the absence of the usual entertainments he is obliged to invent amusements, and they are not always of the best. The publicity of his life, in a community where every individual is conspicuous, fosters secrecy upon his part, and he conceals adroitly what he is doing when he doubts its welcome reception by the observer.

The text mentions, you remember, as one of the alternatives, "keeping him under his own eye at home." That is the essential condition of the case. There can be no question that it is better for a man in Kansas, if he is sending his son to an Eastern school, to send him to one in the rural counties of New York rather than to the city, provided that the schools are equally good. Unquestionably without the parental eye the chances are in favor of the country.

But, if you please, how many children are not sent off to school to be out of the way? The gentleman who gave us the text lives in the country, and he can have the parental eye firmly fixed, but that eye is sadly apt to wander in town. For the occupations of most men in the city are so incessant that there often comes to be a kind of restraint in their intercourse with their own children. When a parent becomes a schoolmaster in the eye of his son, the son will do better, probably, at another school.

There is a great deal of good literature about the advantage of sending boys to school to buffet the world and be made men. Yes, it is a good thing to be hardy and heroic, and a puny business to be tied to mamma's apron-strings. But that is not the alternative. A city school will snub your son, if that is what you want, quite as well as the country one. Heroes are quite as apt to graduate at Grey Friars' as at Mr. Squeers's, at the Ward Schools of New York as at the rural academy.

It is a matter to be as gravely discussed as it was earnestly proposed. In a thousand instances it is doubtless better to send the boy away; but when in any just sense the parental eye can be put in full play and kept there, the question is already settled.

OUR NEXT NEIGHBOR.

WHO knows any thing of Mexico? It is a state of immense resources, lying by our side upon the continent; it has a distinctive history and population; it is perpetually in internal trouble, and few of us know any thing more about it than that Mr. Prescott wrote a very pleasant history of the conquest of Mexico from the Spanish point of view, and that we had a war with it, some dozen years or more since, which increased our territory but not our knowledge.

Because there are constant troubles there, it does not follow that both sides are in the right and both in the wrong, and that there is consequently no choice between them. The most intelligent observers, who have long resided in the country and are familiar with its character and condition from personal experience, have a very decided opinion upon the subject, and are very confident that the country would also have one could the facts be understood.

Unhappily, while it remains an entirely foreign nation, it is not likely that the American people will have, or care to have, any very accurate knowledge of it. It is only as we have a positive interest in it that we shall be properly informed. But that moment may prove to be too late for our real advantage.

A serial publication, a few numbers of a little magazine called "The Mexican Papers," have been issued by Mr. Edward E. Dunbar, a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the subject. He is not professionally a literary man, and his pamphlets are like vigorous, pointed conversation. His interest in the matter is partly commercial, partly patriotic. But his feeling is that the proper history of Mexico has never been written; that our accounts are all strained through Spanish sieves; that Mr. Prescott, following the Spanish chronicles, has told the Spanish story; and that the present condition of things is a legitimate result of Spanish assumptions in Mexico. The troubles that now tear the country are simply, in his view, the various aspects of the great struggle between the Church, or aristocratic principle, favored by Spain, and the popular, or Democratic principle, which is essential to the progressive development of the country.

It is a shabby habit not to know our neighbors—not to be able to tell whether Miramon is the aristocratic or democratic leader; whether we should wish well to Spain in any effort she may make, or not—in short, to know, when the papers give us the last news, what the last news means. If you care to correct this habit, Mr. Dunbar's pamphlets will help you in the pleasantest way. He says very hard things of the politicians, and relegates to that class some whom we had supposed to deserve the name of statesmen. Probably you will not altogether agree with him in some of his general views; but he is an enthusiast, and therefore the most agreeable of companions.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DWARFS AND GIANTS.

WHAT a blunder to talk of Napoleon the Great!
No offense to the head of a neighboring state;
The Napoleon here meant is Napoleon the First,
By whose plague of war-locusts all Europe was cursed.

Napoleon the Slayer, Napoleon the Thief,
His idol was glory, which brought him to grief;
Great mischief he did—there his greatness I own.
Must we honor old Nick for his fiery throne?

If the spirit that did, in the flesh, demon's work,
Is under our tables permitted to lurk,
There's a question to which I would bid it reply,
By raps, if it could, and not rap out a lie.

I'd ask it, now glory's true worth it has known,
Would it have Garibaldi's renown or its own;
Its career yet to run, if its choice it could make
Between fighting for Conquest and Liberty's sake?

The Hero who battles for Freedom and Right,
Is Day to the self-seeking Conqueror's Night;
Of the first let the memory be sweet as the rose:
Of the other, a deathless offense to the nose.

I'm content with my cudgel and proud of my hunch,
But I'd be Garibaldi if I were not *Punch*.
Despise, World, the monsters that filled thee with groans;
Extol the subverter of tyrannous thrones!

THE WRONG WOMAN.—Mr. O'Brien has addressed a letter full of French sympathies and Milesian non sequiturs to M. Marie Martin—the author of the silly pamphlet called "*La Question Irlandaise.*" Mr. O'Brien must have misdirected his effusion. At all events it reads as if it had been meant, not for Marie Martin, but for Betty.

A LATIN ROOT.

Why is an Irishman's dinner always ready?

Because (says the spirit of Murphy, speaking through a whisky Medium) it's "*Semper* praties."

RIDDLE FOR A TOBACCO-PAPER.

Q. Why does a Tobacconist invariably take his wooden figure of the snuff-taking Highlander in-doors overnight?

A. For fear there should be a *Scotch mist* before the morning.

THE GAME OF CHANCE AT THE DIVORCE COURT.—Double, or Quits.

Walker and Winston counties were visited by a severe storm on the 6th, which greatly injured the crops; while the lightning killed seven sheep and Miss Louisa Harbin, and hurt two others of the family.—*Huntsville Advocate.*

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S MOTION.—In 1817, in a debate in the House of Delegates on the bill relative to a map of Virginia, in which something was said of military roads, Mr. Mercer L—— related and applied an anecdote of General Washington, which he had received from a member of the Convention that formed the Constitution of the United States. The subject of power to be given the new Congress, relative to a standing army, was on the tapis. A member made a motion that Congress should be restricted to a standing army not exceeding *five thousand* at any one time. General Washington, who, being chairman, could not offer a motion, whispered to a member from Maryland to amend the motion by providing that no foreign enemy should invade the United States at any one time with more than *three thousand troops.*

Father went to the barber's and had his whiskers taken off. Upon returning home to tea, he was met by his little daughter (three years old), who, running up to him, said, "*Why, papa*, you don't look alike!"

Bob Cones, a newly-elected sheriff, was told by the judge to open court. Bob went to the door and shouted, "I call court—I call court!"

"Call W. H. Jones and A. P. Moore," said the judge.

"W. H. Jones and A. P. Moore—W. H. Jones and A. P. Moore!" yelled Bob.

"One at a time, Mr. Sheriff."

"One at a time—one at a time!"

"Now you've fixed it."

"Needn't come; we've fixed it!" screamed the determined sheriff.

There was no court that day.

It is said of Sir William Longstaff, of Exeter County, that on one occasion he came into company with a notorious wag, who held in his hand a small but handsome cane, which Sir William requested him to give him as his own. "I would," replied the wag, "but I assure you, Sir, this cane is too short for a long staff (Longstaff)."

A lawyer engaged in a case tormented a witness so much with questions that the poor fellow at last cried for water. "There," said the judge, "I thought you'd pump him dry."

LOVE TOKENS.—The gossips tell a funny story, in which two Russian noblemen and a favorite Parisian actress play the principal parts. Both of the Bayards were suitors for the fair lady's smiles, and both seemed to be equally esteemed by her. It would appear that in Russia, as well as in many other countries, a lock of hair is considered a signal pledge of the tender passions; but, if the truth must be told, few of our theatrical divinities are endowed with profuse *chevelures*, and if they were, the incessant demand would soon exhaust the supply. Mademoiselle Alice glories in the possession of auburn ringlets, and wouldn't part with one of them for less than a duchy. Her Russian admirers, the Count de L—— and the Baron de M——, both happened to have hair of the same golden hue as that of their mutual Dulcinea. Each begged for a tress of her hair in exchange for a lock of his own, to which the charming creature readily assented, and without touching a single curl of her head, cunningly managed to effect an exchange of parcels, by which each gentleman received a tuft of his rival's capillaries. The Count now wears the Baron's "wool" next his heart, and the Baron sleeps with the Count's scalp-lock under his pillow.

A young man of good education and business talent had occasion to apply to a justice to take acknowledgment of a deed—one of those "knowing" justices who can decide knotty points of law for attorneys, and give instructions to juries after the style of the circuit judge. Always ready to impart knowledge, he took up the deed, after filling up the writing, to explain to his young friend the difficult and technical words.

"V-i-z," said the learned justice, "means phiz or face, and signifies that what follows is as plain as a man's face; and this big word, sub-se-quent-ly"—casting up his eyes from the paper with a dignified and knowing look, and an emphatic jerk of the head—"means *before.*"

PARADOXICAL PUNS.—What is the greatest virtue in a skipper?—Wrecklessness. Why is a French franc of no value compared with an English shilling?—Because it is worth-less.

The American census-takers find great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of girls, a large majority of them being only *sixteen*. In one family there were found to be twelve girls between ten and sixteen years of age.

An experienced old stager says, if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

QUANDARIES.

Knocking at the wrong door, and hesitating whether you shall run away and say nothing about it, or stay and apologize.

Crossing the road until you see a gig coming one way and a cab another; so that if you move on you are sure to be knocked by one, and if you stand still you may possibly be crushed by both.

Finding yourself in a damp bed on a cold night, and cogitating whether you will lie still and catch your death, or get up and dress, and pass the night on the two cane-bottom chairs.

Paying your addresses to a penniless fair one, under the impression that she is an heiress; and, on discovering your error, having the option of marrying the young lady, or of being shot by the young lady's brother.

Dining at a friend's house, where you must either drink wine till you become intoxicated, or refrain till you become disagreeable.

Coming to four cross-roads, one of which you must take at random, or just walk back a mile or two and inquire your way.

FACE OF BRASS.—The house of Mr. Dundas, once Lord President of the Court of Sessions in Scotland, having, after his death, been converted into a smith's shop, a gentleman wrote upon it the following impromptu:

"This house a lawyer once enjoyed,
A smith does now possess:
How naturally the iron age
Succeeds the age of brass!"

"BECOMINGNESS" IN BECOMING A WIDOW.—Listen to these verses, written by a dying poet to his wife; she was a *blonde:*

"My fair one, my fair one, alas! it appears
That the doctor my speedy departure announces;
And you ask yourself wildly, with eyes full of tears,
If your first mourning dress shall be plain, or with flounces.

"For evils like these let your dark women care,
'Tis for them on the terrors of mourning to dwell;
It makes them look dingy. But you, who are fair,
Will soon be consoled, black becomes you so well."

A reverend gentleman who lives less than a thousand miles from "somewhere" has a daughter now in her fifth year. While in his study, a few days ago, preparing his sermon for the coming Sunday, he was interrupted by the entrance of his little "bud of promise," who with an anxious, inquiring look, said, "Papa, what was Moses' wife's name?" and then added, instantly, "I know she was a Miss Jethro, papa; but what was her other name?"

A celebrated toper intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself. "Go sober," replied his friend, "and your most intimate friends will not know you."

A telegraphic dispatch was received in Lynn, recently, but was refused by the person to whom it was sent, on the ground that *he didn't recognize the handwriting* as belonging to the one who was said to have sent it.

The most attentive man to business we ever knew was he who wrote on his shop-door, "Gone to bury my wife; return in half an hour." He was no relation to the lawyer who put upon his office-door, "Be back in five minutes," and returned only after a pleasure trip of three weeks.

A goose that sees another drink will do the same, though he is not thirsty. The custom of drinking for company, when drinking is dispensable and prejudicial, seems to be a case of the same kind, and to put a man, feathers only excepted, upon a footing with a goose.

"What under the sun can be the cause of that bell ringing to-day?" said young Sam to his friend, as they approached a country village.

"If I was to express an opinion on the subject," returned Isaac, solemnly, "I should say it is my deliberate conviction that somebody is pulling the rope."

Matthews, the actor, being asked what he was going to do with his son (the young man's profession was to be that of an architect), "Why," answered the comedian, "he is going *to draw houses*, like his father does."

THE LANDING IN CALABRIA.

WE publish on the next page a fine picture—from a sketch by M. Durand Bruger—of the landing of a party of Garibaldians near Scylla, in Calabria, on the night of 9th–10th August last. It was a historical event, and may well be placed on record. Events have been moving so rapidly in Italy that, by the time this picture is laid before our readers, their attention may be claimed by later and more thrilling scenes. But the commencement of the end was the invasion of the main land, and we place it in our pages as a historical landmark.

Of the City and Bay of Naples we published a fine picture in No. 180.

JOLLY ANGLERS.

Four of us went out fishing,
  Mary, Fairy, I, and the man:
No use in grumble or wishing,
  People may catch who can.

Mary was lucky that morning,
  Lucky almost, I think, as the man,
And she laughed with her saucy scorning
  As the fishes they filled her can.

The man was lucky in hooking:
  Off the perch with his trimmers ran,
And he caught us a dish worth cooking,
  As your Maidenhead fisherman can.

I caught nothing worth keeping,
  Things about the length of a span;
When a gentleman's heart is leaping
  He may strike a fish, if he can.

But Fairy, she made a capture,
  On her darling own original plan,
And Fairy's eyes looked rapture
  As her great soft violets can.

With a single line she made it,
  Oh, such a line you'd have liked to scan!
One line, and the lady laid it
  Where loving young ladies can.

In a gentleman's hand she placed it
  Before our Maidenhead fishing began,
How his chances of fish were wasted,
  Tell, lovers—who only can.

Overnight an enraptured dancer
  Had handed a passionate note in a fan,
And the line was this gracious answer—
  "*You may love me—if you can.*"

ELFIE MEADOWS.

A sunny day in leafy June, white clouds are floating high,
Leisurely through the blue expanse, and bees hum drowsily;
In shady nooks the cattle herd, and ruminating doze,
While onward, with a rippling song, the glancing river flows.

With fairy steps a maiden stroll'd along the rushy bank,
Her light foot hardly seem'd to crush the daisies where it sank.
The dragon-flies unheeding brush her soft curls as they pass;
The wary lizard boldly peeps from 'neath his tuft of grass.

Beneath her hat of plaited straw her eyes shine soft and blue,
Her tender, quivering mouth tells tales of feeling deep and true:
O Elfie Meadows!—scarce eighteen—how many a heart has beat
To kiss the flow'ret in your hand, the daisies 'neath your feet!

Yet scorn can dwell in those sweet eyes, cold words those lips can speak;
For many, though you're scarce eighteen, to gain your love would seek.
You wave them off with calm disdain. Have you no heart to give?
Or is it in yourself alone, and for yourself, you live?

Not so, sweet Elfie: next your heart a tiny pledge you wear—
Within a case of purest gold a lock of raven hair;
And ever and anon you take, and to your lips you press,
This token of unfailing love to cheer your loneliness.

"And if," I ask, "long years should pass, and he should not return,
This tribute of a fleeting love you scornfully would spurn?"

"Never," she says, with flashing eyes: "time matters not to love;
And ours is true—it springs below, but rears its fruit above."

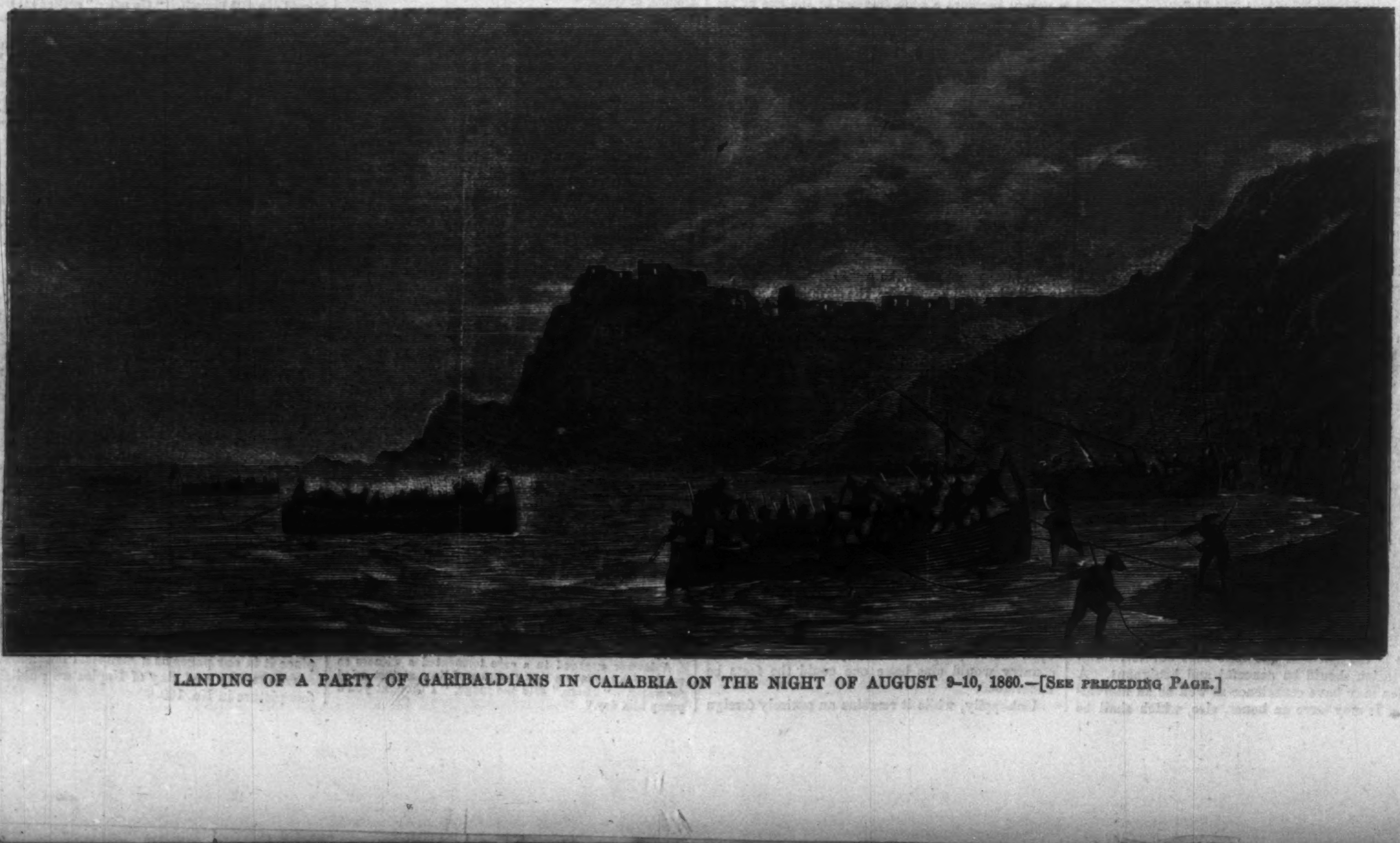
"Ah, Elfie, but you little know how absence can estrange—
How fondest hearts at last find out 'tis possible to change."
She stamp'd her little foot at me. "I tell you 'tis not so
With love that bears its flowers aloft, and has its roots below."

"Others have said the same," quoth I, "who loved as well as you,
Yet ten or twenty years have served to prove their love untrue."
Her small white hands she tightly clasp'd, and said, with face a-glow,
"Their love no fruit could bear on high—it had no root below."

"And yours, my Elfie," murmured I, "how can you test its truth—
It may be that maturer years will scorn the love of youth?"
"Nay, try me not too hard," she said, "I only know I love,
And love that has such root below is perfected above."

We two sat on a mossy bank, her soft eyes look'd before
Into the river's crystal depths; fain would I test her more;
But one she little wist was near, had secretly o'erheard
Words that his inmost heart had touch'd, his deepest pulses stirr'd.

"And what," he ask'd, in quivering tones, "if some friend true and tried
Had told you that your faithless Guy had found another bride?"
Around his neck she wildly flung her arms with joyous glee:
"Ah, never, Guy, would I believe you could be false to me!"



LANDING OF A PARTY OF GARIBALDIANS IN CALABRIA ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 9-10, 1860.—[See preceding Page.]

"I LOOKED STEADILY UPON THE FACE OF THE DEAD."

A NOCTUARY OF TERROR.

ONCE more is the drawer opened; once more are the papers in my hand. The ink of my firm youthful writing has grown pale, and the paper discolored; for I have not cared for many a long year to open a roll so fraught with painful recollections.

My present narrative is founded upon these rough notes now before me: they were hastily and briefly written down at the time, and too truly chronicle events to which I was myself a witness.

To proceed. Date back thirty-five years. I was a medical student; my friends in the country had placed me in a neighboring city for the purposes of education. No authorized schools of surgery or anatomy at that date existed in country towns, and the earlier years of the student's life were passed in the acquisition of general preliminary information, and in attendance upon the local hospital or dispensary. Still, however, in the principal cities and towns anatomical study was privately carried on, the great importance of this particular branch of professional education having led, at an early period, to the establishment of rooms for dissection and the delivery of lectures on anatomy. In the town in which I resided one of the leading surgeons rented rooms over the cathedral cloisters for the purpose. These antique apartments, part of the monkish fabric of the cathedral, had been fitted up for lectures and dissections. The narrow casements overlooked an ancient burying-ground full of the decaying memorials of mortality. The time-worn Gothic carvings, the silent quadrangle with its spreading yew-tree, the dark shadows in the cloistered arches beneath the rooms, gloomy even in the summer daylight, gave a funereal character to the whole locality; and the nature of the studies carried on above becoming generally known, in spite of our precautions, the place was regarded with peculiar aversion by the common people.

In the present day the advance of education, and the wise provisions of an anatomical bill passed some years since to regulate medical schools and to supply them with subjects, have much lessened these extreme prejudices of the public at large, and have entirely remedied very great evils. The practice of disinterring bodies, and the sentence of the law, which formerly doomed the murderer to death and dissection, accounted for the strong feeling of horror and indignation with which human dissection was universally regarded. People became so alarmed that watchers with loaded fire-arms were frequently placed over the graves of recently deceased persons by their friends. Still the practice of disinterment went on, and a sufficient number of bodies was obtained, though with great difficulty, to supply the necessities of the schools. It seems now extraordinary that such a system should have ever existed, or that any young men of education could have been found to engage in the revolting work. But the danger and mystery of these night expeditions excited in youthful minds a daring spirit of adventure, and there were always plenty of volunteers ready to undertake them. It was not this spirit of enterprise, however, that alone actuated the student and urged him to a fatiguing and dangerous duty—heavy toil in the lone church-yard at midnight, with the certainty of the roughest treatment from the populace if discovered. Higher motives impelled him: the attainment of anatomical knowledge, and the consideration and esteem of teachers and comrades always accorded to the hard-working and the resolute.

It was, then, on a wild, stormy night in December, 1825, that a party of students agreed to meet at the dissecting rooms, and to start from thence at midnight on an expedition to a neighboring church-yard, three miles distant from the town. The party consisted of Balfour, young Fletcher, and myself. Qualified by my greater experience, I was the leader; Balfour was my second, and Fletcher was to procure a gig for our conveyance.

I agreed to join Balfour at the rooms an hour before we started, in order to prepare a dissection which we had been unable to get ready before, and which it was necessary to complete for the morning lecture. Balfour was the son of a dissenting minister in the town, and had been carefully brought up. He was a hard-working, attentive student, but of a reserved and gloomy disposition.—He seldom joined in the amusements of young men of his age, and consequently, though generally respected, he was not popular with his comrades. He was a heavily-built, strong fellow, with a resolved and not unpleasant countenance, though his smile was somewhat sinister. A man of hitherto proved courage, I always felt that I could rely upon him in emergency. It had been raining and blowing hard all the day: the evening closed stormily in clouds, and showed no prospect of improvement. I arrived at the rooms the first, and, groping up the dark circular staircase, was glad to find that the fire I had made up when I left in the afternoon was burning brightly.

It was a wild night. The crazy leaden casements shook noisily in the eddying gusts of the heavy gale that far above our heads swept round the cathedral tower. The skeletons, suspended by hooks from the ceiling, moved and creaked in the frequent draughts. The dried anatomical preparations, contained in cases ranged round the room, stood out in the waving gloom, and as the candle flared in the wind, glanced with grinning teeth from their glazed sepulchres. In the centre of the apartment, stretched upon a board and covered with a sheet, lay a subject for dissection. It was the body of a quarryman, recently killed by a fall from the rocks. The dim light of the candle rested upon the solemn folds of the white drapery, and gave a statuesque character to the form.

As I sat in the gloom waiting the arrival of my comrade, a succession of strange thoughts and fancies passed through my mind. I speculated upon the probable aspect of the face concealed beneath the sheet—Was it not horribly distorted by the nature of the death—a fearfully sudden death—rendering a wondrous living tissue of organization, in an instant, effete and worthless—a man yesterday, and to-day knowing more of heaven and hell than all the philosophers upon earth.

The idea grew horribly vivid until I fancied that I saw the shrouding-sheet, that enveloped the body, slightly move. Though I felt that this was but the effect of an excited imagination, to reassure my mind I rose, walked to the table, removed the covering, and looked steadily upon the face of the dead. There was nothing to alarm in the wan effigy. The characters of mortality were there engraven in lines not to be mistaken, and I gazed upon the fixed and peaceful outline of what had been a vigorous, half-savage, toiling athlete, with a strange and deep interest.

It was now eleven the quarter bells chimed out from the cathedral, followed by the heavy toll of the hour, taken up in succession by more distant belfrys, whose drowsy voices were borne far away upon the sweeping storm.

A step on the stairs: enter Balfour, more serious and dour in aspect than usual. Wrapped in a rough-coat and muffler, he did not speak until he had removed and shaken his drenched garments.

"Balfour, this is a capital night for us; we shall have *no* witness to our proceedings in this howling storm."

"Do you think so?" he replied. "For all that, there are busy fiends who love the darkness and the storm. Come, get to work, we have no time to lose; already eleven o'clock has struck, and I see," turning reproachfully toward me, "the dissection for to-morrow's lecture is not yet even begun. Come, to work!"

So saying he uncovered the body, and proceeded to flex the arm across the chest, the more readily to dissect the upper and back part of the extremity, at the same time that he secured it with a chain hook to the other side of the table. The limb was thus put forcibly upon the stretch, and the subject drawn over on its side. Balfour, seating himself opposite the arm, commenced the work. I was on the other side, engaged in reading aloud the anatomical description of the parts we were preparing, when, during a pause, the hook which had secured the arm in the direction before-mentioned slipped its hold, and the hand, suddenly freed from its bondage, swung with an increased momentum given by the turning body, and struck Balfour a violent blow upon the face. With a fearful shriek—the more startling from his habitual composure—Balfour sprung to his feet, like Richard in the tent-scene; with hair erect, blanched face, and large drops of perspiration gathering on his brow, he staggered back, shouting:

"O God! the man's alive!"

I dashed at him, horror-struck myself, *not* at what had occurred—for I saw how it had happened—but at the abject terror of my companion, appalling to the last degree. Clasped together we hustled each other into a corner of the room, giving, in our passing struggles, a sharp gyration to the suspended skeletons. I shook him violently, exclaiming:

"He is *not* alive; he is dead—dead!"

But Balfour, half death-struck himself, still gasped: "Alive!—alive!"

"No, no, no," I repeated; "he is dead!"

At length he drew a deep breath, and sunk down in the corner whimpering:

"And yet it is impossible; that half-dissected body *can not* be alive."

"My good fellow," said I, "this is mere childish delusion—what is the matter with you? are you well? Here, take some brandy."

He seized the flask and drank deeply; then, with a strong effort, he rose, walked to the fire, sat down with his back to the dissecting-table, and said nothing.

The whole scene was very ghastly. Balfour's firmness in all times of trial, heretofore, made his present abject fear the more unnatural and shocking; no doubt, to a man of his serious mind and ordinary gloomy disposition, with a temperament prone to superstition, the impression of an incident so sudden and appalling was the more powerful in its effect.

We sat in silence.

"Balfour," I said, at last, "we must put off our expedition for this night; it is blowing and raining hard, and you are not in a fit state to encounter fatigue and exposure."

"Why do you talk thus?" he replied, looking up doubtfully; "do you think that I am afraid?"

"Not at all, my friend; but this circumstance that has so startled you may perhaps make you—" Here I hesitated, not caring to say what I thought, so I stopped abruptly. "Wilder," said Balfour, angrily, seizing me by the arm, "have I ever quailed in this most horrible, but, to us, righteous task?—have I ever shrunk from my duty that you thus insinuate?"

"Never, Balfour; you have always stood by me like a man, and I would rather have you for my lieutenant than any other of the students, and that you know right well; but we will not go to-night for all that."

He started up, and with sudden energy exclaimed, "I *will* go, even if I go alone, even should the dead arise to oppose me—Wilder, say not one word more;" and he struck his fist violently on the table, setting the skeletons and window-frames trembling aud clattering in the pause of the storm, which was now subsiding.

At this moment we heard the sound of wheels, and the old clock tolled twelve.

"Here is the gig, and we not ready!" I exclaimed.

I was glad to see Balfour eagerly seize and put on his grave-clothes. I followed his example. We then collected all the requisite tools—tooth-pick, shovel, elevator, etc.—and descended to the street, groping along in the dark.

"A wild night, lads!" said the cheerful voice of young Fletcher, a youth of seventeen, who, accustomed to drive, was chosen as our charioteer. "I have had the greatest work to get the trap; I should never have come round old Higgins if it had not been for Nancy. He declared that we were going to commit a dead robbery, and that somebody would swing for it one of these days; and Nancy actually kissed me, because she had it in her mind that I should be surely nipped up by them awful spectres. At last, however, I got off, and here I am, all right and tight."

"Jack," said I, "can you see, and is the horse steady? It is awkward work driving in such a black night as this."

"Be easy, my dear friend; I could drive you to the devil, if required."

"Well," added Balfour, "I believe it is not unlikely that you may do so."

It was a good horse, and we rattled along at a great pace between long lines of lamps through lonely streets, deserted, save by drowsy watchmen calling the hour, who raised their dim lanterns to see what we were. Then came the straggling, half-lighted suburbs, and lastly the dark and open country, through which we drove more slowly, though still at a steady trot, to the quiet church-yard at Hilton. The wind had much subsided; low, rolling clouds, opening here and there, showed a few faint stars; but the road, where shadowed by trees, would have been almost undistinguishable save for the glimmering pools left by the heavy rain. We now quitted the gig, which Fletcher drove back to the shadow of some fir-trees, there to await our return. As I ascended with Balfour the path that led to the church-yard, we paused to look round, and assure ourselves that no one was following upon our steps.

I never approached the dark sanctuary of death with more of awe and reverence than at this moment, though about to mock and desecrate that sanctuary by rifling it of its poor contents.

The shadow of the darkest night, which you inwardly hope may shroud the ghoul-like proceeding, is never profound enough. The disinterred body gleams with its own ghastly lustre. A faint phosphorescent nimbus seems to surround it, developing the characteristic outline of humanity, when it is so dark that you can not see your hand before you. I do not know how it was, but at this moment I did not feel my usual cool steadfastness. I was fidgety and anxious. Balfour's alarm in the room had filled me with uneasiness, and, though he seemed recovered, he was still nervous and depressed. However, it was no time for retrospection; and, creeping along the side of the low wall to the deeper shadow of the church, we leaped the inclosure.

The moment I was in the ground all uncertainty passed from my mind, to be immediately succeeded by a deep sense of duty, and a firm purpose to execute it. I at once advanced to the spot marked in a visit of investigation the day before as the site of the recent grave. After having made the needful preliminary examination, and satisfied ourselves that we were correct, I let Balfour take the commencement of the work, while I removed a short distance from the grave to watch, and warn my comrade should any thing occur to disturb us. It is far better to work than to watch on these occasions. The attention is absorbed in the exertion; and on that account I determined that Balfour should begin. As I stood in the drear yard I looked about me more narrowly, to accustom my eye to the dim obscurity and to the various dark mis-shapen objects around. One decaying monument appeared like a crouching monster watching us; and it was not till I had approached to examine the object more closely that I could perfectly satisfy myself of its real nature. The evergreen trees and bushes that clustered in the opposite corner of the yard were darkly outlined against the dusky reddish light arising from the city, three miles off. As I stood listening on the watch, the ticking of the church-clock seemed to grow gradually louder in the intense silence. Presently I heard another sound, not unlike it—a soft tapping noise that I could not understand. It appeared, at times, to be very near me, and then to die away in the distance. The grating of the spade in the stony soil, which had been going on for some time, now ceased. I therefore returned to Balfour, to see what he was about, and to take my spell at the work, surrendering to him the watch. As I approached he spoke softly from the grave, in a nervous and excited way.

"Hush! do you hear nothing? do you see nothing?"

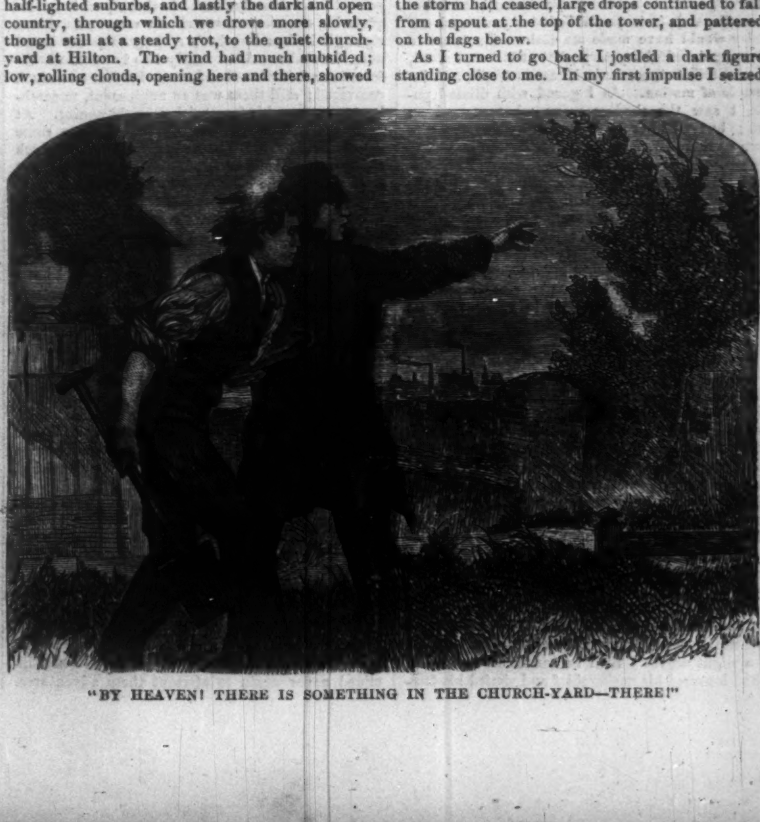
My own attention had been drawn to the peculiar sounds before mentioned—soft intermitting sounds, like little footsteps patting on the ground. Balfour came stumbling up to me.

"It is horribly dark! What are these noises, so like heavy droppings of blood? Are they the echoes of the church-clock, or are there *two* ticking clocks to the tower? I hate this infernal thing! What is it? Why did you bring me here to be thus tormented?" And he wiped the perspiration from his brow with his muddy hand.

"Pooh, pooh! it is nothing at all, Balfour," said I. "Get back to the work again. I will go to the other side of the yard and see about it."

I crossed the ground in the direction of the sounds, ankle-deep in the rank, wet grass that ever fattens on the rich loam of the church-yard, slipping over graves and low head-stones, to the imminent danger of my shins. When I drew near I perceived the simple cause of our alarm: though the storm had ceased, large drops continued to fall from a spout at the top of the tower, and pattered on the flags below.

As I turned to go back I jostled a dark figure standing close to me. In my first impulse I seized



"BY HEAVEN! THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE CHURCH-YARD—THERE!"

it by the throat, but was roughly shaken off by the more powerful Balfour. "Why the devil," I angrily exclaimed, "do you thus dog me, Sir? How infernally you have startled me! Do get back to your work!" We returned sulkily and in silence. I took up the shovel and began to dig. Balfour presently touched me on the shoulder. "Wilder," he said, "you were very angry with me just now; I ought not to have followed you; forgive me; I am not quite myself to-night." "All right, Balfour. Go back to your watch; I quite understand." Balfour, however, did not seem disposed to quit my vicinity. I took no notice at first, but kept vigorously at the work; then in a pause I said, "My good fellow, you *must* return to your post; you can not hear any thing so near me, and it is quite necessary to keep a sharp look-out, though all may be perfectly quiet, and every thing promise success." While I yet spoke we were startled by a remarkable sound above our heads, apparently close to us. A low whistling in the air, very strange and even sweet, seemed to wander and play about us. "What—is—this—now?" gasped my companion. "What is it, I say!" and he seized me convulsively by the arm. I was myself astonished, and could in no way explain this new phenomenon. However, I said, hastily, "Birds—night birds, chirping round us—nothing more." "Wilder," said Balfour, slowly, in a hollow and altered voice, "God sees us, and vouchsafes us a warning. This may be a dreadful sin that we are engaged in. Come, let us go." I was much more alarmed at Balfour's evidently growing disturbance of mind than at the cause, and did what I could to reassure him. The sounds, as I seized the spade, suddenly ceased, and pushing him from me, in another moment I was hard at work. I had scarcely thrown out a dozen shovelfuls of earth before Balfour rushed wildly up and exclaimed, "By Heaven! there is something in the church-yard—there—close to the verge of the inclosure!"

Instantly I jumped out of the grave, and with straining eyes looked in the direction he indicated. I could see nothing.

Balfour was evidently pointing to some moving object, and following it with his finger; while he muttered words which, in the agitation of the moment, I did not understand. We stood close together, our eyes directed toward the opposite boundary wall. There the solemn bushes were waving slowly in the night air against the illumined sky, but no other moving thing could I perceive.

At the same time a new and extraordinary sense of undefinable solicitude and anxiety—a sense of something to be feared—crept through me; and as I now felt certain that with a man in Balfour's excited state, verging upon insanity, I could hope for no assistance, but must expect every embarrassment, I determined to give up all farther attempt, and to leave the church-yard at once. I was on the point of saying so, when my companion spoke again in broken, shivering whispers. "Wilder, look yonder; do you not see it now? I see it distinctly in ghastly outline against the sky. Mark how it glides along, slowly, very slowly—a terrible shadow streaked with light, where the shroud parts upon the breast. See, it stops, it beckons, it lures us to its haunt. Oh, Wilder, stay not a moment; instantly let us go—not *that* way—not *there*—*that* is the grave—*its* grave—tread softly, softly, and with haste." Then, in the delirious ecstasy of his terror, he suddenly shouted out, in a loud, clear voice, most appalling in the absorbing silence of the night, "Save me, O God, for I come into deep water. Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me. Save me! save me! I go to judgment." And he made a step forward, as if to advance upon the mystic horror.

Now was my own concern infinitely increased, when I fancied that I myself could perceive through the gloom what resembled a slowly passing shadow, illumined below, and dark above the wall. The undefined sensation I had before experienced swelled into a deadly sense of sickly fear, as I followed with straining eye-balls a dim something that was stealing along the verge of the inclosure, in the direction of the dark evergreens, erect and human-shaped. Had I not been infected by Balfour's abject terror (for terror is an infectious disease), it is possible that my natural audacity would have made me dash at the figure to solve the dreadful mystery; but as it was, I stood, for the moment, benumbed, terror-struck, and incapable of motion. As I gazed with dilated pupils, I saw the shadow wave what seemed an arm; but whether to beckon us onward, or to warn us to desist, I could not in the dim obscurity discern.

At this moment the air became filled with the same strange, sweet, whistling sounds we had before heard—above, below, around us, every where. My comrade fell heavily to earth in strong convulsions, and struggled violently in the loose mould, dashing it about in a fearful manner. I endeavored at first to hold him in these spasms, to prevent him from hurting himself, but in vain; so I let him wrestle it out, while I thrust my brandy-flask between his tightly-wedged teeth, and succeeded in getting some brandy into his mouth. I thought of running for Fletcher, but I feared to leave Balfour in his present state, lest, suddenly recovering, he should go raving mad to find himself alone, and apparently deserted; besides, what would become of the horse if Fletcher were to leave the gig? I do not know how it was—for I am sure my present situation was bad enough—but I felt in my anxiety for poor Balfour, and the constant attention I was compelled to give him, a relief from a worse and more prostrating feeling—that of a terror such as I had never understood before. I tried to be calm—determined not to turn my eyes in the direction of the late visitation, and to await, as steadily as I could, the restoration of my comrade to consciousness. The convulsions now nearly ceased, returning only at intervals and in a slight degree. Still he remained insensible. I had loosened his neckerchief and chafed his temples, sprinkling his face with spirit from my flask. After a brief period of intense anxiety, I found the pulse returning, and the breathing in a degree restored. I gently whispered to him that we were going away, and raising him upon his feet, I led him with faltering steps toward the point of our entrance. In this way, with difficulty, we gained the boundary wall, and I lifted him over, holding him with one hand, and scrambling up with the other. At this moment the clock struck three, and the sounds rose faintly from the churches of the distant city. As I paused after my exertion, leaning against the wall, and still supporting my companion, the cool night breeze that bore the welcome sound of the bells upon its wings, fanned my heated brow with an ineffable sense of refreshment. My shortened breath grew deeper in the pure current of vital air, and my shaken frame became braced again. My judgment, which had never entirely deserted me, was restored to its full integrity with returning bodily strength. I felt excited, but equal to any emergency. It was clear that Balfour's mind had not yet sufficiently recovered to enable him to comprehend his situation, nor did I, by any remark, attempt to lead him to a consciousness on this point. With the same slow advance we descended from the church-yard to the road. Here I left him and ran on to Fletcher. Jumping into the gig, I told him to drive instantly back to where I had left Balfour.

"What is the matter?" whispered Fletcher. "Have you seen the devil, or are you pursued?"

I made no answer, but seizing the reins from him as we approached the spot, I pulled up sharply, leaped from the gig, and found Balfour exactly where I had left him.

"Here, Fletcher, jump out and lend a hand to get him in."

Fletcher now whispered, "Oh, the immaculate Balfour drunk, I perceive."

"Be quiet; you know nothing about it. Keep hold of him and remain where you are until my return; I will be with you in ten minutes."

I hastened back to the church-yard, determined to ascertain, if possible, what it really was that had upset us so completely. As I climbed the wall I glanced in the direction of our recent terror, and leaping down, walked to the grave. Here I collected the tools that were scattered about, and seizing the elevator, which made a formidable weapon, I advanced, with a beating heart, to the other side of the grave-yard. As I looked doubtfully round, the various dark objects in the inclosure seemed perfectly stationary. At last I arrived at the extreme end of the yard, and leaned against the wall for a few moments, for I felt a sudden faintness, and the darkness which enveloped me seemed so profound that I lost all idea of the direction to return in.

In a few minutes my faintness passed off, but it required the utmost resolution to enable me to enter the funereal shadows of the evergreens. I did enter though, and walked round and between what I found were cypress-trees. No light burst from the gloom. All was bare and silent. I returned with much more trepidation than on my advance. I felt every moment as if about to be clasped from behind by a loathsome spectre. Exhausted, and wet with perspiration, I rejoined my comrades. Balfour remained in the same condition, and Fletcher exclaimed, "Thank God you are come! I have been dreadfully frightened with this living ghost. What is the matter with him, and what is it all about?"

I now hurriedly explained what had occurred, and told him to get home as fast as he could.

We drove rapidly back, entered once more the deserted streets, and reached the lecture-rooms in safety. I ran up the stairs to unlock the door, and, raking the embers of the nearly extinguished fire, lit a candle, and descended for Balfour. He seemed partially to comprehend that he was to leave the gig. Both assisting, we got him up stairs; and then Fletcher drove off to the stable. I now proceeded to examine more closely into Balfour's condition. He was deathly pale; his pupils, widely dilated, were insensible to the action of light; his extremities cold. I laid him on the floor, bathed his face and head with cold water, and poured more brandy down his throat, until by degrees his consciousness partially returned. I was right glad when Fletcher's springy step was heard upon the stairs. After nearly two hours of watchful care and continued endeavors Balfour was much recovered; still there was an unpleasant, unearthly stare about his face, with a slight squint. At times he talked incoherently, alluding to some deadly sin he fancied he had committed, for which there was no hope of forgiveness. Dawn at last stole through the gloom, and dimmed our wasted, flaring candle. When the daylight was fully established I sent Fletcher for a carriage, and putting Balfour into it, drove with him to his home. The family were not yet up, and directing the servant to get him to bed as quickly as possible, I hastened to Mr. Bromfield, our anatomical professor, and begged him to return with me as soon as possible. He attended to my request at once, and on the way I detailed to him the adventure. Mr. Bromfield listened attentively to my recital. He considered that Balfour's unusual terrors were due to his having been unwell before we started; that I had myself been infected by my comrade's fear, and that the whole thing was but the result of our disordered imaginations. I made no answer to these observations; and though I inwardly wished that the matter could be thus satisfactorily explained, I knew better. We now arrived at Balfour's house. When Mr. Bromfield had seen and examined the patient he expressed great alarm. He said: "There is much more in this than I at first thought. I consider him in immediate danger." He remained with poor Balfour to see that the remedial measures which he had ordered were promptly carried out, and to break the matter to his friends. For my part, I returned in a sad and subdued state of mind, and felt more than half inclined never again to attempt these adventures. Fatigue and excitement had quite upset me, and truly glad I was to find myself once more in my own lodgings. I undressed and jumped into bed, but essayed in vain to sleep. Whenever I dozed off, the horrible scene with Balfour in the dissecting-room came before me, or I fancied myself in the church-yard starting at every noise. At last I could bear these half-waking horrors no longer; so I determined to get up and go to lecture, for it was just ten o'clock, the hour for its commencement.

Returning wearily to my lodgings I was startled by a placard, signed by the church-wardens of Hilton, which a man was in the act of posting up. It was as follows:

FELONY.

FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD!

WHEREAS, late last night, or early this morning, some villain or villains, unknown, entered the church-yard of Hilton, and feloniously stole the body and the grave-clothes of a person therein buried, and have thus incurred the penalty of transportation: Any person giving information that may lead to the discovery of the offender or offenders shall receive Twenty Guineas reward upon his or their apprehension, and a further reward of Thirty Guineas upon conviction.

I do not know that the horrible witness of the night affected me more strangely than this announcement. The body gone and the grave-clothes! I read and re-read the words until the very idea sickened me. The unearthly sounds we had heard all now bore a fearful interpretation.

I turned away from the contemplation of this infernal placard, repeating unconsciously, "the body and the grave-clothes—the body and the grave-clothes!" Suddenly I started at full speed to Balfour's. Judge of my alarm and distress when I found the street-door wide open and the household in great confusion. Mr. Bromfield and Fletcher, with several neighboring practitioners in the sick-room, drawn thither by strange reports of Balfour's extraordinary state. As I entered the apartment, Balfour, a dying man, rose upright in his bed, and with the same ghastly expression he wore in the dissecting-room, pointed at me with outstretched arms, and exclaimed, in a voice that haunted my dreams for months afterward:

"See, it comes again! The grave is opened! I am in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—it grows darker and darker—I—go—"

He gradually stiffened in this fearful attitude, and in a few minutes was a corpse. So ends my noctuary of terror.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

EFFORTS have been perseveringly made to reunite all the parties opposed to Lincoln in this State, but thus far without success. Mr. Dean Richmond, the head of the Democratic party, refused to recognize the Breckinridge organization in any way or shape. In Pennsylvania it is understood that a fusion of the anti-Republican elements has been effected. From California the accounts are favorable to Douglas. Senator Douglas continues to stump this State; he spoke last week at Clifton Springs, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and also at Cleveland, Ohio. Senator Seward is in the West; he has spoken at St. Paul (Minnesota), Dubuque (Iowa), and other places. He has gone on to Kansas. Hon. Mr. Yancey is at Washington, District of Columbia, where he has delivered an oration on the issues of the canvass.

SENATOR SEWARD ON AMERICAN DESTINY.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs from St. Paul, September 18:

"Senator Seward made to-day the great speech of the campaign. It was fuller, more elaborate, and far abler than his Detroit speech.

"He looked to the acquisition of British America, Russian America, and Spanish America, and declared that the man was born who would live to see the American people coming to the harmonious understanding that this is a land of freedom and freemen, and that it is the land of the white man, and that whatever elements there are to disturb its present peace will before long pass away, without endangering this great Union.

"He felt that here we were not only before the shrine of freedom, but in the living universe of the Goddess of Freedom. The vital principle of the Government was the equality of every member of it. It is the recognition of this principle which had made the capital of Minnesota equal in nine years to the capital of any Slave State two hundred years old. Liberty, after all, was but the simple national practice of exact justice to all men. Slavery is to-day, said he, not only powerless, but without influence in the American republic. Talking of the threats of the South to dissolve the Union, he asked, Who is afraid? [A voice—'No one.'] Nobody is afraid—nobody can be bought.

"He prophesied that the time would come when New York would cease to be the Empire State, and Pennsylvania cease to be the Keystone State, as Virginia had already ceased to be the Old Dominion. The New Dominion, the Empire State, and the Keystone State would be hereafter in the Mississippi valley."

THE EQUINOCTIAL.

A great Equinoctial storm swept with great violence over the Gulf of Mexico on Saturday, 15th, and reached this city and vicinity on Thursday, though with its fury greatly abated. It was accompanied with very little wind, but the rain fell in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning. Its advent was preceded by a dense fog, which interfered considerably with navigation in the bay and on the rivers. At Newark the rain fell in such floods that cellars and basements were overflowed, causing damage to the extent of thousands of dollars. Fire-engines were brought into requisition to clear the flooded premises. Several places were also struck by lightning, but no lives were lost.

THE LATE COLONEL LUMSDEN.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 16th gives a personal sketch of Colonel Lumsden, who, with his family, was recently lost in Lake Michigan. From it the following paragraph is taken:

"Francis Asbury Lumsden was a native of North Carolina. At an early age he was apprenticed to the senior Joseph Gales, then editor of the *Raleigh Register*, in whose office he served his time. After spending nine years in the *National Intelligencer*, at Washington city, he came to New Orleans, about twenty-four years ago, and in 1836 was foreman in a journal called the *Standard*. In 1837, in conjunction with Mr. Kendall, he commenced the publication of the *Picayune*, with which he remained connected until the day of his death. To its columns he was a pleasant contributor under various noms de plume, besides his editorial initials, giving agreeable and racy sketches of life and manners in near and remote places; of his hunting and sporting excursions, and of other matters of interest to the public. Even up to the very day of his starting upon the fatal excursion on Lake Michigan, he communicated in this way with the *Picayune*. Colonel Lumsden possessed qualities of mind and heart that secured him friends wherever he was known. Warm and firm in his social attachments, generous even to a fault, possessing fine conversational powers, ever cheerful and abounding in good humor, and rich in sympathy for the unfortunate, he won the esteem and good-will of all with whom he came in contact. He was as sensitive as he was affable; as chivalric as he was generous; and as open and frank as he was impulsive. His high sense of personal honor forbade concealment and deceit, and made him as courteous to others as prompt to resent a discourtesy to himself."

MRS. GURNEY'S CONFESSION.

Various letters have been received from England bearing testimony that the pretended confession of Mrs. Gurney, published in the New York *Tribune* a few weeks since, is a forgery, and was unknown in England till conveyed thither in American journals. The first of these is from Lady Buxton, who, with ready intuition, remarks:

"A forgery it is. We suspect it is a money-making trick of the publishers."

A letter which now lies before me, post-marked Paris, August 31, in the handwriting of M. G., the unhappy subject of this base fabrication, and addressed to Edmund Gurney, fully denies its authorship, and says:

"I know nothing whatever of the letter to which you allude, and I hope you will let the world know it at once. It is scandalous in those who have done it."

This is enough to set the matter at rest.

SUMMER SKATING.

The *Home Journal* thus describes the summer skate, which has just been introduced in this locality:

"Among the novelties of the season—an invention destined to act an important part in the physical education of children—is a skate adapted for the house, and which can be used on a carpeted or uncarpeted floor. With a pair of these skates on her feet, a young lady can soon learn the art of skating to a degree that will enable her successfully to accomplish on the ice, and with steel skates, that which has heretofore been to her a much-coveted but almost despaired-of-obtaining enjoyment. All the benefits that are to be derived from that healthful exercise are now placed within the reach of even the most delicate; and floor-skating will henceforth be included among home amusements, to the delight of childhood and the gratification of age. The floor-skate is simply a frame of ornamental iron, nearly the shape and size of the wood part of the common skate, with, instead of the steel runner, four rollers or wheels of gutta-percha, measuring about three inches in circumference, each of which revolves on a separate axle: these rollers, of course, rest on the floor, and turn with the movements of the skater. The skate is strapped to the foot in a manner similar to the ice skate, with wide leather bands, superior in every respect to the common strap. The inhabitants of the South, whose facilities for skating have hitherto been limited, may now rival in this exercise, amidst orange groves and balmy breezes, their Northern brethren, surrounded by ice, and snow, and chilling winds. A waxed floor is, perhaps, the best adapted for this sport; a long hall covered with oil-cloth is, probably, the next; but if these are not accessible, a carpeted room of any kind will answer. Being elastic, the rollers do not wear the carpet, as they would if formed of wood or metal."

THE GREENLAND EXPEDITION.

The Greenland Expedition on board the schooner *Nautilus*, Captain Raulette, arrived at Thomaston, Maine, on the 11th inst. This expedition was sent out by Williams College in search of specimens for its Natural History Society. They proceeded nearly as far north as Disco Island, at which place the eclipse of the sun was total, but unfortunately the day on which the eclipse took place was a very stormy one. At Godthabb they met Captain M'Clintock, with a British war-steamer, who kindly offered his services in towing them out to sea. A portion of the party remained on the coast of Labrador for the purpose of collecting specimens, birds' eggs, nests, etc. The members of the Natural History Society accompanying the expedition have brought home a great number of curiosities, seal and bear skins, kyacks, spears, foxes, eagles, ducks, and many articles manufactured by the natives, such as shoes, spears, pouches, etc.

PERSONAL.

Some newspaper men, among them Mr. Erastus Brooks, of this city, and Mr. Woods, of the London *Times*, received a private lesson in rope-walking from Blondin, a few days ago, at Niagara Falls. They rewarded Blondin with a gold-headed cane, which was presented to him last Saturday.

Mr. Shaw, the rich old bachelor at St. Louis, against whom Effie Carstang brought that famous breach of promise case, is assessed $580,000 for real estate, and $43,500 for personal property. Effie is still living at St. Louis. She is not assessed for any property yet.

Don Juan Bello, Minister from Chili to the United States, died on Sunday night, 16th, at the Clarendon hotel in this city. He was about returning to Washington, and his death was quite unexpected.

By the recent decease of Mr. Waldegrave, an English millionaire, Senator J. M'Leod Murphy, of this city, becomes heir to a fortune of over half a million of dollars. Mr. Waldegrave, who was a descendant of one of the oldest families in England, died possessed of $8,000,000, which is to be equally divided among twelve of his nearest relatives, the Senator named being one of them.

Madame Elizabeth Ortes, the great-grandmother of the editor of the St. Louis *Bulletin*, is one hundred and five years of age, and has resided in that city one hundred and three years.

Mr. Paran Stevens, who keeps the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in this city, keeps also the Continental Hotel of Philadelphia, the Revere House and the Tremont House of Boston, the Battle House, Mobile, and the Point Clear House, Point Clear, Alabama; in all six first-class hotels, involving a capital and current expenses of several millions. Mr. Stevens is a native of Claremont, New Hampshire.

The Boston gentleman is thus mentioned in an article written at Halifax at the time of the Prince's reception: "Mayor Lincoln, of Boston, produced a strong impression in favor of American gentlemen by his courteous and dignified bearing; and we are told that the Duke of Newcastle, pointing at him, asked Consul Pillsbury if he was a fair specimen of Boston gentlemen, and if so, then, said the Duke, Boston must be a city of fine gentlemen, and Mayor Lincoln a credit to his city."

A Sunday or two since, at Grace Church, says *The Home Journal*, a young gentleman put his hat under the seat, and shortly afterward two prepossessing young ladies sat next him. At the conclusion of the service the ladies left the church first, and the gentleman stooped in search of his hat, and, to his surprise, found it gone. He called the sexton and applied to that worthy functionary for advice. Mr. Brown suggested that it might have been caught in the ladies' crinoline; and entangled in the crinoline sure enough it was. After bobbing against one of the young ladies' ankles for a distance of about twenty yards the hat dropped out, much to the astonishment and surprise of those following.

Mr. Charles H. Stanley, well known for many years as the best chess player in the United States, has returned to England and taken up his residence in Manchester.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PALMERSTON'S VIEWS ON ITALY.

WHEN Edwin James, Member of Parliament, passed through Paris, he was received by Jules Faune and others. He stated he was going to see Garibaldi, and Lord Palmerston had authorized him to tell him that he (Palmerston) considered that Garibaldi would compromise all his success by an immediate attack upon Rome or Venetia.

LORD BYRON'S HEIR.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes as follows respecting Lord Byron's heir:

"I happened in a recent letter to mention the curious fact that the son and heir of Lord Lovelace, now, by

Lady Byron's death, Baron Wentworth, and heir to the very large landed property bequeathed by the poet's widow, is now working at Woolwich Arsenal, as a smith, at weekly wages. My friend of the *Indépendance Belge*, in an almost textual translation of the whole letter which contained this paragraph, heightens the interest of this statement about the grandson of Lord Byron by adding: 'His pay is thirty shillings a week. I have seen him at work in the shop with as much pluck and industry as any of his mates. Between ourselves, there is at the bottom—or rather at the top—of this eccentric proceeding a young and pretty girl of the lower orders, whom his lordship is unwilling to abandon, even to live in the highest and most envied sphere of society.'

"I need hardly say that this is pure invention on the part of my indefatigable translator. There is no 'young and pretty girl of the lower orders' in the affair at all. The young nobleman in question ran away from school at an early age, was missing for several years, in spite of large rewards offered for the discovery of him, bound himself apprentice to a coaster, underwent much hardship in this miserable position of cabin-boy aboard a north country collier, was even at one time reduced to the work-house at a little town in Yorkshire; and finally, when discovered by his relatives, preferred to win his bread by the work of his hands as a bolt-maker at Woolwich Arsenal, where he is still, or was very recently, working. He often, while in this employment, walked up to Lord Byron's seat, near Ham, and remained over Sunday, his day of leisure, as a guest, but always was careful to return to Woolwich in time to begin his work on Monday morning. I may add that, though I have not seen him at work in the Arsenal, a near relative of mine has seen him on the trudge from Woolwich to Ham—a fine, stout, handsome young man—in blue pea-jacket, long boots, and a wide-awake, with a short pipe stuck through the band."

A BATCH OF MURDERS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "Very interesting murder cases continue to enliven our judicial arenas. The 'road murder' of a young and interesting lad, only four or five years of age, is still wrapped in mystery, the very extraordinary 'confession' made proving to be without foundation in truth. A beast of a man, who was a servant in a Liverpool boarding-house, was tried for murdering his mistress by poison—who left a forged will, leaving him her house and furniture—and was acquitted; while the whole country, except the Lancashire jury, believe him guilty without a particle of doubt. An old lady, a most miserly person, was shockingly murdered in her own house, in the east end of London. The old creature was a widow, over seventy years of age, and lived entirely alone, without a servant; and though she owned over five hundred houses in London, she always collected her own rents, and never employed an agent. She would not trust banks, but invested all her gains in house property. Bags of gold and silver were found under piles of straw, and under the coals in the coal-cellar. She was such a recluse that her body was not found till four or five days after her death, with her skull beaten in, and far gone in decomposition. No clew to the murderer."

THE AGAPEMONE STORMED.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "There has been a siege in England. The Agapemone has been stormed. A Mr. Price wished to recover his wife, who was, and probably still is, a deluded inmate of that establishment. Mr. Price was formerly there himself; but it would appear he was disenchanted, while his wife still clings to the 'brethren.' Consequently the ex-Agapemonite assembled his friends, and the lady without price was demanded. On a former occasion Mr. Price went in search of his better-half, and found her in an arbor in the gardens of felicity. She screamed out for aid, and the licentious elders came to her rescue. The last time the garrison was carried by assault, and a lusty 'brother' presented a pistol, which led to a similar act on the part of an indignant besieger. Matters looked serious, when a parley took place, and the inhabitants of the 'Abode of Love' agreed to a search, a reasonable time being allowed for the ladies to get ready to receive visitors. What changes of apartments that proceeding may have involved, this deponent, not having penetrated the mysteries of that modern Temple of Isis, can not say. Most probably Mrs. Price was let out by a secret postern gate, for she was not found in the flesh on the premises, and was supposed to have migrated to a farm-house at some little distance. The husband and his friends consulted, and agreed to give up the search for that night, and the raid was abandoned. But if it should be repeated, and Brother Prince should be ducked in a horse-pond, few will commiserate him on account of the sainted catarrh which he may catch. Brother Prince is a Joe Smith on a small and unambitious scale. He is content with a four-in-hand, a fine breed of blood-hounds, and a select harem of other men's wives. There is a good deal to be said about all this on both sides in a free country; but I rather fancy, now that the blood of the neighboring rustics is aroused, and if he be not cautious, a martyrdom may await Brother Prince, not unlike that which befell the Mormonite Prophet. Had a shot been fired the other night, I question whether the Agapemone would have been left standing where it is."

FRANCE.

ANOTHER SPEECH FROM PERSIGNY.

Upon the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the new church at Roanne, Count Persigny delivered the following speech:

"MONSIEUR LE CURE AND GENTLEMEN,—I thank you for the flattering words which you have addressed to me, and, above all, for the honor of being invited to lay the first stone of the church which the piety of the faithful of this town has been so eagerly looking for. In conferring this honor upon a political man who is only received in his natal department with so much consideration because his fellow-citizens are pleased to regard him at this moment as the representative of the Emperor, you are persuaded that the Government is the natural protector of religion and its ministers; and you are right. [Applause.] The devotedness of the Emperor for the Church is so great that it can afford to despise that immense injustice which lately alarmed Catholicism and astonished the world. [Loud applause.] Allow me to say a word to you on this subject. I need not remind you that it was the Emperor who restored the Pope to Rome, and who to this hour keeps him there by the sword of France.

THE ITALIAN WAR.

"I now come at once to the Italian war. At that period the States of the Church were partly occupied by France and partly by Austria, with a view to maintain the sovereignty of the Holy Father. The mission of the two armies in presence of the events which occurred in the north of Italy was to maintain a neutral attitude and to await the issue of events. Now, how was this duty fulfilled on the one side and on the other? It was this—while France was faithful to her mission and protected that part of the territory of the Church which was committed to her charge, Austria, hoping to use against us the forces which she had in the Legations, deserted that part of the pontifical States which she had undertaken to protect, and the consequence was that the Pope lost the Romagnas. [Reiterated applause.] But this abandonment of the pontifical territory was not prosperous for Austria—[Profound sensation]—for soon after she was beaten at Solferino and forced to make peace. [Applause.] Now the basis of that peace—a basis imposed by the nature of things, by the state of the public mind, and by the attitude of all Europe—was that all and any intervention in Italy was thenceforth prohibited whether by France or Austria, so that the Romagnas, having been abandoned by Austria, and the Pope not being able to reconquer that country, either with the aid of Austria, France, or any other Power, that province was evidently lost to the Holy See.

WHAT THE EMPEROR WANTS FOR THE POPE.

"It was then, and under these trying circumstances, that the Emperor, in his exalted wisdom and out of his devotedness, as enlightened as it is sincere, for the Holy Father—[Applause]—made that famous proposal against which so much unjust clamor has been raised. Now, what was that proposal? It was simply the salvation of the temporal power of the Pope; it was the simplest combination possible, and at the same time the one most conformable to the end in view, namely, the independence and dignity of the Holy See. You shall judge for yourselves. The Emperor saw that by the irremediable mistake of Austria the Romagnas were irrevocably lost—for the Pope wished at least that, if this province was to be united to Piedmont, it should be governed in the Pope's name, in order that within the limits of possibility the rights of the Holy See might be observed and respected. But this is not all. At the same time that the Emperor yielded to an imperious necessity he stipulated for an immense advantage for the Pope, for in exchange for the sacrifice which his Holiness was to make, the Emperor offered him a guarantee for his remaining possessions by all Europe, or, at least, on the part of all the Catholic Powers. [Prolonged applause.] These wise and noble proposals—[Bravo, bravo]—may have been for a time misrepresented by ignorance, error, and the malice of parties vailed under the mask of religion; but there is nothing astonishing in that. I can, however, tell you, gentlemen, that in the eyes of all political men of any weight in Europe, these proposals were regarded as the most convincing proof of the Emperor's devotion to the Holy Father. All the enemies of the papacy rejoiced when they were rejected, and in all human probability, if this had been accepted, Italy would at this hour have been at peace, and the court of Rome freed from all danger. [Applause.] Ah! gentlemen, while I am laying the first stone of this church of Nôtre-Dame des Victoires, the name of which is of such happy augury, let us pray God to protect the Holy Father, to preserve him from the dangers which environ him, and the most redoubtable of which are not the armed attacks of his enemies—for the sword of the eldest son of the Church, disdaining his blasphemers, continues to guard the august person of the Pontiff and the venerated throne of the Holy See." [Prolonged applause and loud acclamations.]

HIS IDEA ABOUT VICTOR EMANUEL.

Napoleon is reported to have assured M. Farini of his sincere desire to see Italy independent. When Victor Emanuel shall be master of Sicily and Naples, he will be strong enough to contend alone against Austria; but should Austria prove victorious in a conflict, France would not allow her to abuse her victory.

A DAUGHTER OF ABD-EL-KADER TURNS NUN.

A letter in the *Nord* says: "A daughter of Abd-el-Kader has recently arrived at Paris for the purpose of entering the Order of the Grey Sisters. When the Emir, her father, resided at Broussa, he sent the young lady to Constantinople to be educated. There she occasionally met with Christian women, and was so struck with the admirable self-devotedness of the sisters who attended the hospitals during the Crimean war that she determined to join their Order. Her father, who is capable of appreciating the sublime features of Christianity, consented to her wish, and she is now in Paris passing her novitiate."

A CLOWN IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A circus clown, of the name of Braquet, who has lately been giving performances at Avignon, France, undertook to hang by the hands from a *trapèze* suspended to a balloon. Ten thousand persons assembled to witness the exhibition. Soon after the balloon had risen the spectators were horrified to see it catch fire, and the cords of the *trapèze* being burned through the man fell from a great height. Fortunately it was at that moment just over the Rhone, and Braquet fell into the river, and as the spot at which he came down was deep he was not hurt, and swam to the bank.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI IN NAPLES.

A telegram dated Naples, Saturday, September 8, says: "Garibaldi made his entrance into Naples at noon this day with his staff alone. The joy is intense. A Provisional Government has been formed. Naples is tranquil."

Another account says: "Garibaldi has entered Naples alone. Great enthusiasm prevails. He has discovered a National Committee illegally constituted, and has ordered the Prefect of Police to punish its members. Garibaldi has consigned the fleet and the arsenal of Naples to the charge of Admiral Persano, and proclaimed Victor Emanuel as King of Italy. The Dictator has confirmed Romano as Minister of the Interior, and appointed Ardiffi Director of Police; General Cosenz Minister of War; and Pisanelli Minister of Justice. The capitulation of the forts is expected to take place to-morrow."

A telegram from Marseilles says: "Letters received from Naples to the evening of the 8th inst. state that the Sardinian flag was flying from all the forts. Before Garibaldi's entry into Naples the Sardinian Admiral had threatened to fire upon any Neapolitan vessel which should attempt to proceed to Gaeta. Garibaldi had found an immense quantity of war *matériel*, and 80,000,000 lire in the bank. A *Te Deum* had been celebrated in the Cathedral by Father Gavazzi, the people shouting 'Hurrah for Victor Emanuel!' 'Hurrah for Garibaldi!' The people were armed, some even with pikes and sticks. General illuminations had taken place. The Papal Nuncio, the most of the Embassadors, and Count Trapani, had followed the King to Gaeta. The King had appointed Signor Ulloa, brother of General Ulloa, as his Prime Minister, and had issued a proclamation. After the flight of the King a great rise took place in the public funds."

THE FLIGHT OF THE KING.

A dispatch from Naples, on the evening of the 6th inst., announces that the King left there for Gaeta that day, on board a Spanish vessel. Before leaving he reduced the penalties of the prisoners.

The Ex-King of Naples was still at Gaeta at last accounts. There was some doubt as to his ultimate place of refuge. The Cabinets of Vienna, Munich, and Dresden, have advised him to take refuge in Germany and not in Spain.

INSURRECTION IN THE PAPAL STATES.

A dispatch, dated Bologna, Sept. 8, says: "An insurrectionary movement has taken place in the province of Pesaro; 400 insurgents have attacked and defeated the Papal troops."

GARIBALDI'S CHAPLAIN.

The renowned Father Giovanni, Garibaldi's soldier-monk, displayed great courage at the battle of Melazzo. Unarmed, only bearing the cross in his hand, he ran along the ranks, cheering and animating the volunteers to the fight, constantly shouting to them, "Fear not! God is on our side! Mark, I, his minister, am the foremost to expose myself to the grape-shot and the volley of musketry, yet I remain unscathed! Charge, Italians, charge!" And still, as he shouted, he waved aloft the cross. Setting them this example, and repeating aloud passages from Scripture, he cheered on the soldiers; to some purpose, it must be owned, as by their indomitable courage they carried the strong position of Melazzo.

SYRIA.

MORE TROUBLE WITH THE CHRISTIANS.

It was again asserted that Christians had been massacred at Baalbec and in a village near Jean d'Acre. An émeute had taken place at Siernona, and a more serious one was apprehended at Phillipuhoboli.

SETTLEMENT OF THE JAFFA OUTRAGE.

An Eastern correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* gives a statement of the manner in which the "Jaffa outrage" has been settled. It will be remembered that in January of 1859 an agricultural missionary named Dixon resided in the garden some distance from Jaffa, in a very dangerous and exposed place; his daughters were daily in the habit of seeing and conversing with the Arabs of the vicinity, and one night the house was attacked and broken open, the women were outraged, and in the melée the husband of the eldest daughter, a Prussian named Steinbeck, was killed, the property was stolen, and the family ruined. After many attempts to secure the real criminals, the Consul of Jerusalem only succeeded in arresting parties designedly put forward by the authorities to screen the guilty. The case was finally transferred to the Consul at Beyrout, who ferreted out the guilty parties, and brought four of them to trial, and secured their conviction. They were condemned by the Porte to hard labor for life at Acre, and about five thousand piasters (or $200) indemnity was offered for their losses. This indemnity and verdict Mr. Consul Johnson refused to receive as satisfactory, and Colonel Williams, our Embassador at the Porte, protested against such an inadequate punishment. The case was finally adjourned over until the murderer of the Prussian, Mr. Steinbeck, might be arrested. Time sufficient having elapsed to show the impossibility of arresting a black slave who had escaped to the Bedouins in the interior, justice has finally been accorded, and another verdict has been given at the demand of the American authorities in Turkey. The last and final verdict was to the following effect:

First. The unarrested criminal, when taken (for the accomplishment of which no efforts will be spared), to be punished by the infliction of the extreme penalty of the law—viz., *death.*

Second. The four prisoners now in irons at Acre are to be removed to Constantinople, where they will be imprisoned for life at hard labor, unless their crime shall hereafter be regarded as meriting death, in which case they will be executed.

Third. An indemnity of $2500 to the family of Mr. Dixon and the widow of Mr. Steinbeck.

HONDURAS.

THE END OF WALKER.

The Spanish war-steamer *Francisco D'Asis* arrived at Havana from Omoa on the 6th, and Truxillo on the 7th inst. She reports that the British war-steamer *Icarus*, with a transport and troops, under command of Alvarez, proceeded to Rio Negro, where Walker's army were encamped. The boats of the *Icarus* proceeded up the river, and captured Walker with seventy of his men, all of whom were taken to Truxillo and delivered to the authorities of Honduras. Walker's men were very destitute, and many of them being sick were permitted to return to the United States, on the condition of never engaging again in an expedition against Central America. General Walker and Colonel Kudler are to be shot. The Guatamala expedition arrived from Omoa shortly after the capture of the fillibusters.

MEXICO.

PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION.

At latest dates twenty thousand Liberals were marching on the capital. Miramon was in the city of Mexico with 7500 men. The attack was expected to commence on the 8th. The correspondent of the *Progreso*, at the capital, says that the Liberal army had left Queretaro, and they were expected to reach the city on the 8th. Three thousand men were advancing from Cuernavaca. General Ortega was expected to arrive soon from Guadalajara. A new loan, to be exclusively levied upon Mexicans, was expected to be soon proclaimed. The Bishop of Guadalajara had been released from imprisonment by General Degollado. It is reported that General Uraga had made good his escape.

BRAZIL.

THE HEIRESS-APPARENT SWORN IN.

On Sunday, July 29, her imperial Highness the Princess, heiress-apparent, Donna Isabel, took the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, in the Senate chamber, in presence of the members of the diplomatic body, the Senators, deputies, and high dignitaries of the empire. At eleven o'clock the acclamations of the crowd outside and the music of the military bands announced the arrival of her Highness, who was received at the door and conducted to a large arm-chair placed at the foot of the throne. The President read the oath to the Princess, who knelt and repeated it in a firm voice. It was then signed by her Highness and the members of the bureau, and the ceremony concluded. At one o'clock there was a reception at the palace, and in the evening a grand gala performance at the theatre.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Saturday, 15th, the Prince staid at Niagara Falls, saw Blondin cross, and rode about, evidently enjoying himself well. On Sunday he attended divine service at Chippewa Church, Niagara, and had a private dinner-party in the afternoon. On Monday he "did" the Falls—driving over the Suspension Bridge, and landing, for the first time in his life, in the United States. He was to have been present at the hop at the Clifton House in the evening, but did not go. On Tuesday morning he left for Hamilton. At Queenstown he received an address from the veterans of 1812, and laid the corner-stone of a new monument to Brock. He was enthusiastically received by a crowd of some 30,000 people in Fountain Square, King Street, Hamilton. On Wednesday he received addresses, inaugurated the Water-works and the Agricultural Exhibition, and gave a lunch. On Thursday he visited the Provincial Exhibition, lunched with Sir Allan MacNab at Dundarn Castle, and left at 2 P.M. for Detroit. At Detroit he was enthusiastically received. On Friday morning he left by the Michigan Central for Chicago, where he arrived the same evening.

We continue our brief clippings from the special correspondence of the *Herald*:

THE PRINCE GOES UNDER THE FALLS.

"The Prince made the dangerous passage under the Falls on Saturday evening, in spite of the remonstrance of his suite, who afterward accompanied him. He wrote his name in the traveler's book as Albert Edward, Prince of Wales."

HE SEES BLONDIN.

The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* of the 17th has the full particulars of the performance of Blondin before the Prince, from which the following is an extract:

"All were now waiting and looking eagerly for the last and greatest act of the day's performance—the stilt walking. We think that all who witnessed this feat will agree with us in pronouncing it one of the most terrible and daring ever attempted by mortal man. Many who were there to see would frequently turn their eyes from him during his passage, fearful lest, as they gazed, the intrepid man might miss his precarious footing and be precipitated into the seething abyss.

"The stilts are slenderly made, are about two feet in height, the bottoms having three iron prongs resembling a trident in shape, the wooden portion being covered with silver leaf. An incident occurred when Blondin was a short distance from the American shore which produced a thrill of horror in the breasts of all who witnessed it. It was not generally understood that in the passage over he was to make three leaps on his stilts. The first time he attempted it the centre and longer prong in the bottom of the stilts caught against one of the guys, tripping him slightly. All held their breath in horror for an instant, thinking he had fallen. But the daring, self-possessed performer lighted safely astride of the cable, and looked toward either shore as if nothing had happened. In coming suddenly and violently upon the rope his balancing-pole—as before stated a very heavy one—was cracked and strained, so that he dared not attempt a repetition of the leap, lest it should be broken.

"The task of regaining his standing position on the rope with the stilts on was seemingly a most difficult one, and many expressed doubt as to the success of the attempt. But with him, as with the cunning old Cardinal, there seems to be no such word as fail; and, after two or three trials, the difficulty was overcome. As he proceeded, step by step, the spectators gained confidence, and those who had expressed doubt and apprehension breathed freer as he approached the termination of his voyage.

"When safely on *terra firma* a shout of exultation went up, followed by cheers and clapping of hands, and again was he greeted by the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle, and others of the party, the former expressing to Mr. Blondin in French his astonishment and delight at the unparalleled feat. The Prince, the Duke, and others, took the stilts in their hands and examined them, repeating at the same time their encomiums upon the professor's skill and daring."

THANKS GOD IT IS ALL OVER.

For the first time Blondin returned on stilts, the Prince also having put in a protest against this performance. It was a most arduous and masterly feat, but did not please the Prince, who thought it fool-hardy.

When Blondin reached the shore the Prince and suite had a long conversation with him in French, complimenting him, and asking about the stilts, and his feelings while on the rope. As the Prince left he said, "Thank God, it's all over." Observing Farini's rope, further up the river, he asked what it was. "A path for another fool," answered Dr. Kerwin. The Prince laughed aloud, and nodded assent to this epigrammatic reply.

AND GIVES BLONDIN $300.

Blondin received a complimentary autograph letter from General Bruce, inclosing three hundred dollars, as a token of the Prince's pleasure at his performances.

HE IS REMINDED THAT PRIESTS ARE ABOVE KINGS.

At the Chippewa Church at Niagara, where the Prince attended, the text was Second Chronicles, nineteenth chapter, eleventh verse, as follows:

"And, behold, Amariah the chief priest is over you in all matters of the Lord; and Zebadiah the son of Ishmael, the ruler of the house of Judah, for all the king's matters: also the Levites shall be officers before you. Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good."

HIS ADDRESS TO THE VETERANS.

The Veterans' address at Queenstown contained no reference to the war or to the United States, but was simply a welcome to the Prince, and an expression of their thankfulness at being able to behold the son of their beloved Queen. The Prince's reply was admirably read, and was as follows:

"GENTLEMEN,—I accept, with mixed feelings of pride and pain, the address which you have presented on this spot. Pride in the gallant deeds of my countrymen, but pain at the reflection that so many of the noble band to which you belong have passed away from the scenes of their bravery, of their youth, and of the peaceful avocations of their riper years. I have willingly consented to lay the cap stone of your monument. Every nation may, without offense to its neighbors, commemorate its heroes' acts, their deeds of arms, their noble deaths. This no taunting boast of victory, no renewal of long past animosities, but a noble tribute to a soldier's fame—the more honorable because we readily acknowledge the bravery and chivalry of that people by whose hands he fell. I trust that Canada will never want such volunteers as those who fought in the last war, nor her volunteers be without such leaders; but no less and most fervently I pray that your sons and your grandsons may never be called upon to add other laurels to those you have so gallantly won. Accept from me, in the Queen's name, my thanks for your expressions of devoted loyalty."

AN AMERICAN CHARGES THE PRINCE'S SUITE.

An American created much confusion on Wednesday by trotting his horse through the Prince's suite repeatedly, covering the Prince with dust and putting him in no small danger; for the Prince rides with his horse's head loose, as it is technically termed, and if the horse should have stumbled his Royal Highness would undoubtedly have been brought low, and probably broken his neck.

HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT A HOP IS.

On Tuesday night the Prince came to Clifton House, stripped off his coat, and rolled nine-pins for some time. Being informed that a hop was going on above stairs, he inquired what a hop was, and expressed his dissatisfaction that he had not been told sooner, that he might have a dance. Afterward, as he was going off to smoke a pipe with one of his suite, General Bruce captured him and conducted him to bed.

HE ENTERS AMERICAN WATERS AS BARON RENFREW.

When the boat, between Windsor and Detroit, reached the centre of the stream Mayor Buhl stepped forward and said—"Baron Renfrew, we welcome you to the United States, trusting that your visit may be a happy one: that you may long remember it with pleasure and satisfaction."

The Baron was then conducted to the deck to see the illumination.

AND LANDS ON AMERICAN SOIL.

At least fifty thousand people were present, and when the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner" the cheering and enthusiasm were tremendous.

For some time the landing was delayed on account of the crowd, and the Baron stood looking somewhat frightened at the disorder which appeared to reign, and which is incidental to an American crowd.

CROWDS FOLLOW HIM TO THE DEPOT.

Next morning a magnificent open barouche, drawn by four magnificent white horses, had been provided for his departure for Chicago. The whole party seated themselves in the barouche, when the immense crowd gathered around, and blocked up the avenues so thickly as to make it next to impossible to proceed. Cheer after cheer was given for the Baron, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed.

The carriage was followed by immense crowds on foot, many hanging to the wheels, while the streets and sidewalks on the route were literally blocked with people, who intercepted the royal party at every turn. Such a rabble and scene of confusion were never witnessed here before.

HE HAS HARD WORK TO GET TO HIS HOTEL.

At the dépôt at Chicago an immense crowd was gathered; and as the train entered several illuminated buildings were passed. Baron Renfrew passed along a line of people, who were kept from him by ropes, bowing, with hat off, amidst repeated cheers. As he passed a rush was made, and in spite of every effort of the policemen the crowd surged in like the sea. Baron Renfrew was hurried to his carriage soon as possible, the suite being pretty well jostled by the crowd, and driven to the Richmond House, near by, around which a crowd of five thousand persons stood staring at the windows, in almost perfect silence and order, waiting to see the Prince's shadow even.

HE CAN'T HUNT BUFFALO.

Colonel Magruder sent his invitation to the buffalo hunt directly to the Prince and the Duke of Newcastle, from whom he received a reply courteously declining the invitation on account of want of time. Subsequently General Bruce and Lord Lyons called upon him on the part of the Prince, and had a long interview with him.

The Colonel, by special invitation, lunched with the Prince, and the whole matter was again discussed; but by no ciphering could the trip be made possible if present engagements were kept, so that the Prince was obliged reluctantly to give up the idea of hunting buffalo, and content himself with smaller game.

WHAT HE WILL WEAR IN NEW YORK.

The Prince has just received several suits of clothes, which he ordered from a Toronto tailor. Among these is a pair of pants for hunting, called "Knickerbockers," which are made to button below the knee and hang over the gaiters like Zouave trowsers. The other suits were made after the fashion suggested by the Prince himself, and will probably be the style for this season in New York as here. The pants are peg tops, with a lapped seam. The coat is a plain short sack, double-breasted, with two side-pockets and a breast-pocket, braid being laid on flat all round, also forming the cuff. These suits are made of the best cloth, especially to captivate the fair Americans. The price is, of course, princely.

WHERE HE WILL STOP IN THE UNITED STATES.

Bachmeyer, the Queen's courier, has started ahead to pick out hotels for the Prince.

He will allow no overcharging, and the royal party will pay no more than plebeian price. It is useless to try any Japanese bills upon Bachmeyer, for he is not a New York Alderman.

THE TEMPTER AND THE TRAITOR—THE TREASON OF ARNOLD ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 21, 1780.

THE TEMPTER AND THE PATRIOT—THE CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ, SEPTEMBER 23, 1780.

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRE.

As each September comes round the anniversary of the capture of Major Andrè is duly celebrated, and each time the well-known story is told afresh. Its interest never flags.

It was in 1780, on September 15, that the British sloop of war *Vulture*, with Major Andrè on board, sailed up the Hudson to the mouth of Croton River. The object of the voyage was to enable Major Andrè to communicate with General Arnold, who was in command at West Point, and who had agreed to betray that important position to the English for a sum of money. A whole week Andrè remained patiently on board his sloop. Washington was at West Point, and while he was there the traitor was powerless. On 20th September Washington left; on 21st Arnold met Andrè, by appointment, below the American lines, handed him plans of the works at West Point, and arranged a scheme by which a British attack on the place could not fail to be successful. All this was done during the night of 21st–22d. By the time matters were settled day had begun to break.

Our artist has selected the meeting between Andrè and Arnold—"The Tempter and the Traitor"—as the subject of his first picture.

Washington Irving, in his "Life of Washington" (vol. iv., page 115), describes Major Andrè being rowed by Smith, at midnight, to a gloomy place on the western side of the Hudson, below Stony Point. "Here they landed," he writes, "a little after midnight, at the foot of a shadowy mountain called the Long Clove—a solitary place, the haunt of the owl and the whip-poor-will, and well fitted for a treasonable conference. Arnold was in waiting, but standing aloof among thickets. He had come hither on horseback from Smith's house, about three or four miles distant, attended by one of Smith's servants, likewise mounted. The midnight negotiation between Andrè and Arnold was carried on in darkness among the trees. Smith remained in the boat, and the servant drew off to a distance with the horses. It was near daybreak," etc., etc.

Whether there yet remained some points of importance to be determined, or whether Arnold was afraid of allowing Andrè to go on board the *Vulture* so speedily after their conference, will always remain a matter of uncertainty. Certain it is that Arnold began, with the first appearance of light, to press Andrè to enter the American lines. The Englishman was very loth to comply with the request. He was well aware that if taken within the lines, the laws of war justified, and the condition of the American forces required, his execution as a spy. He urged Arnold to let him go. But the traitor would not consent; and greatly against his wishes, Andrè, early on the morning of 22d, entered the lines, and was provided with a refuge for the day in the house of one Smith, a dependent of Arnold's.

There he remained till nightfall. It had been agreed that after dark Smith was to convey him on board the *Vulture* in a boat. When the time came the man refused. He was probably a coward, and afraid of mischief. With great difficulty a horse was obtained, and Andrè started off on horseback. He crossed the river at King's Ferry, passed the American guards, and taking leave of Smith at the entrance of the "Neutral Ground," was riding, early on the morning of 23d, toward Tarrytown. His feelings can well be imagined. He had succeeded in an enterprise of the highest importance to the British cause. He had in his stockings full plans of West Point, and Arnold's scheme for betraying the post to the British. He had, he knew, risked his neck; but the game had been worth the risk, and it was won. In a couple of hours he would be within the British lines.

As he rode along, his mind doubtless full of these thoughts, and his heart perhaps turning to the lovely and tender girl away in England whose love had fired his ambition, three men sprang out of a hedge and seized his bridle. He was then rather nearer the British than the American lines, in the Neutral Ground. This Neutral Ground was scoured by small patrols from either army, on the look-out for deserters, spies, or forage; and the fair presumption was that the men who had stopped him were a British patrol. Andrè had no doubt of it when the men, in order to deceive him, stated or insinuated that they were of the "Lower" or British party. He at once avowed himself a British officer, traveling on business of the highest importance.

"Then," said they, "you are our prisoner."

Perceiving his mistake, the young officer tried to purchase safety. The prowlers of the Neutral Ground were notoriously corrupt. Andrè offered the men his watch, his purse, all the valuables he had. The offer was spurned. But the Major was taken off his horse, and his person searched. In his stockings were discovered plans and papers; these his captors, though they could not understand them, suspected to be of importance, and without a moment's loss of time took him and them to Colonel Jamieson, who commanded on the American lines.

It is the capture which forms the subject of our second picture—"The Tempter and the Patriot." Washington Irving says (vol. iv., page 121):

"He (Andrè) had not proceeded far, when, coming to a place where a small stream crossed the road and ran into a woody dell, a man stepped out from the trees, leveled a musket, and brought him to a stand, while two other men, similarly armed, showed themselves prepared to second their comrade. The man who first stepped out wore a refugee uniform. . . . . . The ragged refugee coat, which had deceived Andrè, and been the cause of his betraying himself, had been given to Paulding by one of his captors, in exchange for a good yeoman garment of which they stripped him."

Our artist adds:

"I have merely to remark that Irving, in his 'Sketch Book,' alludes to the stately white-wood tree under which his captors searched Andrè, and found the terrible evidence of his rascality. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, 'twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air,' etc.; and it was struck by lightning on the same day when news of Arnold's death reached Tarrytown. A fact!"

The rest of the tale is full of dramatic effects, and resembles a chapter in a sensation story. Colonel Jamieson recognized the plans and detected Arnold's handwriting. His first impulse was that Arnold was a traitor; his second that he was not. He obeyed both. He sent the papers to Washington, but he sent Andrè to Arnold.

Had Andrè reached Arnold the sad page of his execution would never have been written. He would have escaped with his tempter; and though his daring project would have failed, he would none the less have received from his country the fit reward of his boldness and self-devotion. It was ordered otherwise. He had hardly left the lines, under escort, when he was recalled. Major Tallmadge had persuaded Jamieson to retain the body of his prisoner. When the orderly overtook him, and bade him return, Andrè must have felt that his hour was come.

Major Tallmadge could not prevail upon Colonel Jamieson not to communicate with Arnold. The Major saw through the villain's treachery; the Colonel, more trustful, and more deeply sensitive to discipline, felt it due to his superior to communicate to him the suspicious circumstances of Andrè's arrest. He wrote to say that a man bearing the name of Anderson, and provided with a pass by General Arnold, but who had subsequently owned that he was a British officer, had been taken at Tarrytown, with plans of West Point, and other papers, concealed about his person; that the prisoner was in custody; and that the papers had been sent to Washington.

The weight of his treachery had hung like lead round Arnold's neck from the hour he had parted from Andrè. Every one noticed that he was sullen, nervous, and even more irritable than usual. When Washington's aids arrived at the Point with dispatches, he could scarcely collect himself sufficiently to tender them the common services of hospitality. They were astonished at his abruptness. His wife, doubtless a partner in his guilt, was even more anxious; she could not leave her room. From such terrible suspense even detection may have seemed a relief. And it came. He was at breakfast with the aids when Colonel Jamieson's letter reached him. Springing from the table, he hastened to his wife's room, and shrieked to her that Andrè was taken, and all was lost. The miserable woman fell to the floor in a fit. Her husband, better fitted for the crisis, ran down stairs, told the aids that he had some orders to give to the officers in one of the forts opposite, leaped on a horse, which he had kept ready saddled, galloped to the river-side, and bade his boatmen row him to the *Vulture*, which he had detained to be ready for such an emergency. Before the aid-de-camps had ceased to wonder at the strangeness of his manner and actions the traitor was safe under the British flag.

The moment Andrè heard of his escape he wrote to Washington, avowing his name and stating his case. It was a clear one. No soldier of experience—certainly no lawyer—could hesitate for an instant in deciding it. He had entered the American lines to obtain possession, by treachery, of the fort at West Point. In military law he who thus acts is a spy, and his doom is death. The only point which Andrè made was that he had been enticed into the American lines, unconsciously, by Arnold. This pretense, it is quite plain, will not stand the test of examination. Major Andrè was a soldier, and a man of shrewdness and experience. When he entered the American lines he must have perceived it instantly. Why did he persevere? Why did he not instantly return? Why did he remain a whole day, or more, at Smith's house? He must have known where he was, and what he risked by being there. He was certainly free to act; to talk of Arnold's influencing him is to admit that he was both weak and foolish, neither of which he was in any degree. The historian must concur with the court-martial in finding him guilty on his own showing. Had he been acquitted, no spy could ever have been hanged.

The last scene of the drama is very mournful. Major Andrè's sentence was undoubtedly just, but none can withhold sympathy from the gallant young soldier. He met an ignominious death, in the prime of a successful life, with the firmness of a Roman.

His captors, Williams, Paulding, and Van Wart, will always be remembered as types of faithful patriots. They were all poor, and to them Andrè's bribes would have been a small fortune. To have taken them would have made the three richer than they were; but it would have struck a fatal blow at the cause of American Independence. Williams, Paulding, and Van Wart refused, and won as noble a name in history as Arnold's is infamous.

DRIFTING AWAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"MY good Bertha joins me in the invitation," wrote an old friend, who lived the easy life of a self-indulgent country gentleman some fifty miles away from the noisy city, amidst the work, and din, and cares of which I often grew weary. "Come, and come now, when the trees are greenest, the earth in richest attire, and the air like stainless crystal," he added. "We will ride, and sail—I have the fairest of pleasure-boats—and spend the days as merrily as if the world had never a care or sorrow. Come! I will take no refusal. You are wearing yourself out too fast in that toiling city."

The invitation came at the right moment. I was drooping over my work with slow hands and failing ardor.

"I will be at Fern Dale," I wrote, "in a week. Many thanks for your kind invitation."

And in a week I stood face to face with my old friend. It was twice twelve months since I had seen him. He had gained liberally in flesh during the time; and his face, though rounder and larger, was fresher and younger in appearance than when I last saw him. The years had not dealt so kindly with Bertha, his sweet wife, I was grieved to see. Her face had grown thinner, though not less beautiful. It was not the beauty of old that caused your eyes to linger on her countenance, for the delicately rounded outline and warm tinting were gone. But there was more thought and feeling there, and a depth and mystery in her eyes which I had never seen before. How singularly in contrast was the broad, radiant smile that lit up his whole face with the glow of sunbeams, and the flickering light that played now and then so feebly, yet so full of angel sweetness, just around her mouth. She was sitting with a baby on her lap when I entered. Instead of laying it down, or calling an attendant, she received me with the nursling in her arms; and her eyes passed, every now and then, from mine to the cherub face that lay against her bosom.

"Another baby," said I, as I touched the peachy cheek with my finger.

"And the dearest darling of them all," she answered, looking down upon it tenderly.

"She's perfectly bewitched by that baby," said my friend, as he laid his hand in a fond way upon her shoulder. "You would think, to see her, that she'd never seen a baby in her life before. But come into the library; I've got a hundred things to talk with you about."

And he drew me away ere I had been five minutes in the company of his wife. I saw that her eyes followed us, and I fancied that a look of disappointment was in them.

"I'm sorry to see that Bertha is not looking so well as when I was at Fern Dale last time," said I, as we sat down in the handsome library.

"Not looking so well!" My friend seemed a little surprised at the remark. "You have forgotten. In my eyes she never looked better. She was always slight and delicate, you know, and rarely had much color."

"Perhaps my memory is at fault; but I have a vision of Bertha with rounder, ruddier cheeks than I see to-day."

"That great baby in her arms will suggest a reason for the change. It does not come from failing health."

My friend seemed so entirely at ease on the subject that I said no more; but I did not feel satisfied. We talked for an hour in the library, when dinner was announced, and we joined his wife at the table. She had on a white lawn dress, dotted over with small blue forget-me-nots, and a plain lace cap. A slight warmth was visible in her cheeks, and her eyes, as she lifted them to mine, were full of smiling welcomes. She looked pure and beautiful as a consecrated vestal. I saw my friend's eyes rest proudly and lovingly upon her for a few moments ere he gave himself up to the agreeable work that lay before him.

I noticed that while my friend's wife did, with a pleased alacrity, the honors of the table, urging one dish after another upon her guest and her husband, she ate very little herself. The fact must have escaped the observation of my friend, or he would certainly have remonstrated. I could not help saying, as I saw her playing with, instead of eating, her dessert,

"Don't you eat any thing, Bertha?" I had known her many years—even before her marriage—and always addressed her with the old familiarity.

"Oh, she lives on air!" spoke up my friend, smiling. "So don't imitate her example while at Fern Dale. I am made of grosser stuff, and can't get on without the substantial things that make up what are called creature comforts."

Bertha smiled in return, and looked beautiful, but too ethereal in my eyes.

After dinner we drove out, leaving Bertha at home with her children and domestic duties. Not a word was said about her going with us. Our drive was over breezy hills, and amidst scenery of the most charming character. I felt new life in all my pulses as we went rushing through the exhilarating air. It was sundown when we returned, both of us as keen for supper as though a hearty meal had not been taken only a few hours before.

The warmer glow that mantled Bertha's cheeks at dinner-time had faded; and as I looked at her across the tea-table, I noticed an expression of weariness about her eyes, and a languid falling of the lips, that made me feel uncomfortable. She asked if I had enjoyed the ride, and listened with much apparent interest to my descriptions of many points in the fine scenery through which we had driven. I was a little surprised, however, to learn, from a remark she made, that she had never looked upon it herself.

After supper my friend and I retired to the library, where we spent the evening alone, talking of old times; discussing the merit of new books; or lingering over the current topics of the day. Bertha did not join us. Once I asked for her. I had pleasant recollections of hours spent in her company.

"Oh, she's buried with the children, or closeted with her cook," answered my friend, smiling in his easy good-natured way. "Bertha has become a famous housewife."

"She has too good a mind for burial after this fashion," said I. "Bertha was born for something more than a simple housewife."

"I know it—I know it," replied my friend, with a slight closing of his brows. "But women will take their way. Her children and her household have completely absorbed her."

"Do you think this absorption of her life a good one—a healthy one—for either mind or body?" I asked.

"Perhaps not. But there is a wonderful power of adaptation in nature, as you are aware. I guess it will all work out right. I often wish it were different; yet, as wishing does no good, I never permit myself to get worried over what can't be helped. I am something of a philosopher you know, and manage, under all circumstances, to keep a quiet mind. If Bertha likes her way best, why so be it; she's a good, loving, over-indulgent wife to me, and I won't force her out of the world she seems most pleased to dwell in—though our tastes do run parallel in so many things; and we might enjoy so much together."

My friend's feelings lay close to the surface, and I saw his eyes glisten as he turned them away from me. He loved his wife as tenderly as any man who loved his own ease and pleasures as well as he did could love any thing out of himself. She was, in his eyes, the paragon among women. He was proud of her—very proud of her.

On the next morning, when I met Bertha at breakfast, and looked narrowly into her face, I saw more of the work of exhaustion than I had noticed on the day before. The pearly skin lay in flat surfaces on her cheeks, forehead, and shrunken nostrils, instead of showing rounded undulations. Her lips were very thin and white. Her eyes—large, dark, and lustrous—shone out upon you from a farther distance in their shadowy orbits. She had no appetite, and only made a feint of eating, as I could see; while her husband piled away the steak, muffins, and omelet in a most liberal fashion, and kept himself so busy at this pleasant work as to permit his wife's abstemiousness to escape observation.

"You don't look very well this morning," said I, feeling really concerned.

Bertha smiled faintly, as her husband turned a look of inquiry upon her face, and answered,

"My head aches a little;" and then added, "I hope my fretting baby didn't keep you awake. I don't know what ailed him. He didn't sleep for an hour at a time all night. Husband had to go into another room. He can't bear loss of rest."

"No," said he; "I must have my regular sleep. How these women manage to worry night after night with their babies, up and down at all hours, is more than I can understand. It would kill me."

Bertha coughed slightly; cleared her throat, and coughed again two or three times. There was a sound in the cough that was unpleasant to my ears. I glanced toward my friend, to see how it affected him, but he had not appeared to notice it.

"And kills the mothers sometimes," I ventured to remark.

My friend looked at me for a moment or two, as if I had disturbed him slightly, and then went on with his breakfast. I noticed the cough again, once or twice, during the meal.

After breakfast my friend and I retired alone to the library, leaving Bertha to her maternal and household cares. A sail on the river, which ran along one side of my friend's estate, and in that "fairest of pleasure-boats" about which he had written me, was to be our forenoon's occupation. After spending an hour or two in the library, talking and reading, we went down to the river, my friend carrying a lunch-basket which Bertha had placed in his hand.

"Why can't you go with us?" I asked, as I looked into her fading face.

She shook her head, and half turned it toward the door, from which she had stepped into the portico to give her husband the basket, thus indicating that duty must go before pleasure.

"It's no use to invite her," said my friend, in what struck me as a light and careless manner. "She never goes any where. Leave her with her babies and her servants; she is happiest among them."

I stood nearest to Bertha when this was said, and could not have been mistaken in the sound that reached me—it was a faint sigh.

"There's something wrong here," said I to myself as we walked toward the river. "A life is wasting rapidly away, and no suspicion of the fact seems to have been awakened. My friend is either very selfish or very blind. How can he look into his own ruddy face, as it stands each day reflected to him in his mirror, and then look upon that pale, shadowy, fleeting countenance, and not feel the truth?"

A week at Fern Dale confirmed all my first impressions as to the rapidly failing condition of Bertha. And yet my friend showed no anxiety, no dim consciousness, even, of the peril in which his wife stood. "How can he gaze into that pale, thin face," I would ask myself over and over again, "and not take the warning that nature gives?" Was his own enjoyment of mere sensuous life so great that he could not understand a condition like Bertha's? He loved her, nay, almost idolized her; and when I would hint, occasionally, in a concerned way, my fears touching her health, he would regard me with a vague, bewildered countenance, as if I were troubling him with the shadow of some far-off evil. It never seemed to occur to him that the evil was at his door.

One morning Bertha did not make her appearance, as usual, at the breakfast-table. On asking for her, my friend answered, that she had been up for most of the night with her baby, and was too much indisposed to rise.

"Nothing serious?" I remarked.

"Oh no!" he answered. "She often has such spells. We shall see her at dinner-time, as usual, only looking a little paler, perhaps."

Only a little paler! "That must be a death-like pallor," I said to myself.

This morning we were to have a sail on the river. Soon after breakfast we went to the boat-house, and unmoored the fairy bark in which we had already spent so many pleasant hours together. As she glided gently out, like a bird floating on the buoyant water, through some mishap the light cord by which my friend held her slipped from his hand, and she passed from his reach in a moment, out into the current, and commenced drifting away. My friend became instantly excited, and showed great anxiety about the boat. His face flushed, his eyes dilated, all his movements were hurried and disturbed. He ran here and there in an incoherent manner, and appeared for some moments to lose all self-possession. At

last, catching at a small coil of rope, he tied a stone to one end of it, and gave me the other end to hold; then throwing the stone with all his strength, it fell into the boat. Eagerly taking the rope from my hand, he drew on it until the slack was in. Now came the moment of suspense. The boat was moving steadily with the current; should the stone not obtain a firm anchorage inside, but release itself and be drawn over the gunwale, the little vessel would float beyond our present means of rescue. But the expedient proved successful. The stone held with sufficient tenacity to overcome the pressure of the current, and soon the pleasure-boat came floating to our outstretched hands.

"Safe!" exclaimed my friend, as he grasped the side of his pet with eager fondness. "How careless I was!" he added, as he stepped over the side, and commenced adjusting the sail.

"You could easily have recovered her again," said I, "even if she had drifted away a mile or so before a row-boat could be procured in which to go after her."

"Oh yes!" he replied; "but I didn't think of that. I was only conscious that my beauty was drifting away beyond my reach. Don't laugh at me; but I have a real affection for this boat."

Soon we were moving away over the rippling water under the pressure of a gentle breeze, my friend every now and then recurring to the little incident I have mentioned.

"You don't know," he said, as we floated into a sheltered cove where the wind no longer laid its soft cheek against our snowy sail, that hung loosely against the reed-like mast, "how that little peril of my boat disturbed me," again alluding to the circumstance.

I looked at him without answering.

"You are sober," he remarked. "What thoughts are shadowing your mind?"

"Thoughts that concern you. Shall I let them come into speech?" I said, after a moment of silence.

"By all means, my friend. Don't hesitate."

He leaned forward, and looked at me anxiously.

"I was thinking," said I, "of a far more precious thing that is drifting from you—steadily drifting, and getting more distant every day, and yet you heed it not."

"I don't understand you." He looked bewildered.

"Bertha." I merely uttered the name.

He grew pale instantly.

"Bertha is drifting from you," said I, "and unless you stretch forth a hand to save her, right speedily, she will pass out of your reach."

He let the rudder, which he had been holding, slip from his grasp, and leaned, with a frightened look, toward me.

"Why do you say this?" he asked, in a breathless manner.

"Because it so appears to my eyes. Bertha has failed sadly since I saw her last. All her color has departed, and all the fine roundness of face and limb has wasted away. She eats nothing comparatively, yet is taxed with duties that would wear out a strong man. You, with your vigorous health, could not endure them."

"But what can I do?" asked my friend, with pale alarm in his face. My few sentences had startled him from a pleasant life-dream. "She will bury herself, as you see. What can I do?" he repeated.

"You can stretch out your hand and save her before the current, that is now floating her away, bears her beyond your reach," said I, confidently; "and I take the privilege of a friend to warn you in time. Not once since I have been here has she shared our recreating drives or refreshing hours on the river. She does not sit with us in the library, flowing in with our pleasant talks, and making thought more beautiful, as in other days; and when we meet her at meal-times, looking so pale and spirituelle, it is plain to be seen that mind and body are feeble from excessive weariness. Can this go on long, and her delicate organism not give way? Be assured not, for the strain is too great."

"But what can I do?" asked my friend again, looking still more alarmed. "She is wedded to these household cares, and enslaved to her children."

"I have not seen," said I, "any attempt on your part to win her away from them. There has been no remonstrance against her self-sacrificing course; no manifested concern; no urgent invitations to join us in our rides and rambles—I speak plainly, for there is a life at stake—but a dull kind of acquiescence. Now, if you wish to keep her long, all this must be changed. You must, at any cost of effort, see that she no longer violates the plainest laws of health."

"You have awakened me from a dream," said my friend, as he grasped the rudder again, and headed the boat homeward. "Drifting away! Drifting away!" he added, a few moments afterward. "Yes, it is even so. But I will catch at her receding garments and hold her back."

At dinner-time we met Bertha, looking worse than I had seen her since my arrival. I noticed that my friend's eyes wandered every little while to her face, and that he did not eat with his usual appetite. After the dessert, and before we left the table, he leaned toward her and said, with a tenderness in his voice that no wife's heart could resist,

"I am sorry to see you looking so worn out, Bertha. Last night was a severe tax on you. Have you been lying down this morning?"

"Part of the time," she answered, looking at her husband gratefully. It was plain to be seen that she was not used to such tender inquiries.

"This way of life won't do, Bertha," he went on. "It is destroying you. I see you drifting away from me." His voice failed a little. "And I must put forth a hand to draw you back. Nature will not bear the burdens you are laying upon her."

I saw light coming into her pale face, and love beaming out from her eyes, upon her husband. His interest and concern were genuine, and she felt it.

"We are going to take an easy ride this afternoon," he added, "and want you to go with us. Now don't say no!"

I saw objection in her face; and her lips moved as if she were about putting her objection in words. But her husband's "Now don't say no!" coming as it did on his warmly expressed interest and concern, changed her purpose, and she said,

"If it will give you pleasure."

"Nothing in the world would give me more pleasure," replied my friend, with almost lover-like warmth.

There was visible, already, a new life in the countenance of Bertha. A soft glow was faintly dyeing her cheeks, and a mellow light tempering the unnatural brilliance of her eyes.

"When do you wish me to be ready?" she asked.

"At four o'clock. We will ride until six. That will be long enough for you."

It was the Bertha of other days who talked so pleasantly and looked so bright and cheerful during that ride. At tea-time she was another being from what she appeared on the evening before, or, indeed, on any evening since my arrival at Fern Dale. The ride had quickened in her mind a new and healthier impulse. She was a lover of all things beautiful in nature, and this had given her a pure enjoyment, which could not soon die out. During the evening my friend, by a little management, drew her away from her nursery into the library, where we enjoyed her company for over an hour. How solicitous my friend was to keep her mind interested, to give her thoughts a new direction, to call back old themes in art and literature that once gratified her taste or charmed her imagination! She felt the change in him, and was, I could see, half surprised, yet touched thereby.

On the next day she accompanied us in our morning drive, and in the afternoon was induced, after a little persuasion, to take a sail on the river. There was an unmistakable glow on her cheeks as she came back from this excursion in fine spirits; and I noticed that she took a relish of tongue, and ate two biscuits at supper-time—an appropriation of food quite beyond any thing I had seen, in her case, since my visit to Fern Dale.

"You have caught her garments ere she drifted quite away," said I to my friend as we sat together that evening in the library, where we had enjoyed her company for over an hour.

"Yes," he answered, with feeling; "and I will cling to them as a man clings to his life! She shall not get free upon the waters again through any fault of mine. Was ever a man so thoughtless and stupid as I have been?"

"Many, very many, are just as thoughtless, just as blind as you were," said I; "and hundreds of overtasked wives—self-tasked it may be, as in Bertha's case—are drifting steadily away from mortal shores upon the sea of eternity; and in a few weeks, or months, or years they will be out of the reach of hands that will clutch after them in agony when it is too late!"

THE SILVER FLORIN.

Some few years ago, when I was younger than I am now, among my particular friends was Heinrich Zahn. He occupied a room on the same floor with myself; and from my first *début* upon the artistic, Zahn had been my sworn, my esoteric friend. Our affection was immediate and unselfish. We had nothing to gain or lose from each other. When the funds were low on either side, our purses were in common. When the money market was easy, we would feast luxuriantly; steak, a beautiful bit of pork tender-loin, a Dutch herring, with bread and Switzer cheese *ad libatum*, was a supper for a king. When the money market was tight, arm in arm we walked Broadway, and trusted fortune for a change.

In a few days after our first acquaintance, which began with the loan of a hammer, he had given me his whole history, with the exception of the one secret of his life—his love for Marguerite. This came in bits with time; and one evening, confidence begetting confidence, Heinrich showed me a silver florin, carefully stowed in cotton, nestled in a little box, and hung about his neck, where it had lain since the day he had parted with Marguerite on the banks of the Main—that sweet flowing German river within the sound of whose waters they were both born. Heinrich came to America to seek his fortune as a lithographic artist, and Marguerite returned to her little cottage home to hope and pray.

Heinrich had no dream of achieving a rapid flood of wealth and returning to his fatherland, but he had a dream which he kept ever in sight, that some day, perhaps, he would be fortunate enough to be able to send for his old mother and Marguerite, when he had a home for them and a certainty of support. Two years had elapsed, but, as yet, he had not reached that point; and in fact, at the date of my meeting with him, was as far removed as the day on which he had landed at Pier No. 4, East River.

As a special and particular favor, I was sometimes indulged with free translations from passages in Marguerite's letters. They must, as Heinrich said, have been models of epistolary style in the original, but I must confess their beauties were somewhat lost in the translation. It was in the silver florin I took the deepest interest—this marvelous piece of metal, as Heinrich insisted, being endowed with a magical charm, gained by being blessed at the spring of St. Ulrich and dipped in its waters, the powers and location of this wonderful spring always remaining a myth in my mind, thereby, perhaps, heightening the respect I bore the charmed florin. For what do we respect so much as that we do not understand? It had the power to tell, by its dullness or brightness, sickness or joy to the absent one; coming woe or happiness. Many a time has Heinrich peeped at his magical money and announced to me, with great gravity, that Marguerite was not well to-day; and no gayety could rouse his drooping spirits till the real or imaginary dullness passed away from the florin. Occasionally he would tell me the florin was bright; and on that day any favorite project, either of business or pleasure, would be put in force with a confidence that could only be inspired by the omen. It was useless to laugh at this; it was too earnest.

One sunny day in June the florin shone brightly in its silvery beauty. I had only the night before rubbed it up myself, and bestowed a new bed of cotton upon it, while Heinrich was putting in a few flesh touches on my great picture of Columbus Discovering America (an original idea of my own). For I felt as though I had now some property in the florin myself. Well, this June morning the florin shone very bright, and a long-contemplated trip to Fort Lee was realized for that day in celebration of the event.

On the way down we had noticed a mother and child, a pretty girl of about five. I had admired the mother, Heinrich the child. He was fortunate enough to make acquaintance with the child; I was not so fortunate with the mother. It was bribery and corruption on the part of Heinrich, aided by sundry nuts and an apple, which he had pillaged from the dinner-table, and stowed in his pockets to suit an emergency.

The band was playing and the company marching up the dock, Heinrich and myself at a respectable distance in the rear, when a shriek, a woman's shriek, sounded far above the clash of the instruments and the rattle of the drums. We turned; the crowd was rushing down the dock. Not to be behindhand we followed, Heinrich a little in advance. I saw, as I ran, my beautiful lady standing upon the string-piece of the wharf, her hands raised in the air. I understood it all in a moment. The child was in the water. Before the conception was fairly through my head I was on the string-piece beside the lady. One glance down and I saw Heinrich bobbing about in the water below. I knew then it was all right, so I took the lady by the arm and told her so, as I drew her away from the edge of the dock, where the crowd was pressing upon her, and I really feared she would be beside the child if not removed. She looked at me wildly, and, catching at my coat, gave me so hearty a shaking as to change the tragedy, in the eyes of the crowd, almost into a comedy. At this moment a shout, a glad shout, came up from the people on the string-piece, and I knew the child was saved. And so knew the mother, for she fainted in my arms as the shout rose.

In a few minutes we were in a neighboring house. The mother was consigned to the ladies, and Heinrich, myself, and a physician were engaged reviving the babe. Shall I ever forget that little angel coming back from heaven! She opened her great blue eyes, and staring upon the doctor said, "Don't cut off my hair, good people. I know that I am dead, but don't cut off my hair. My mother loves my hair. My name is Lilly—they call me Lilly because I am so white. But don't cut off my hair." Ah, Lilly! it seemed a sin to call you back; and yet which one of us would not have given his own life to save yours, Lilly? An hour or two sufficed to put mother and babe in such a state of convalescence that a carriage could be called, and they conveyed home. The carriage stopped at a handsome house in a fashionable locality, and Heinrich carried Miss Lilly in, while my duty was the escort of the elder lady. The husband stood in the hall with a puzzled look as his wife threw herself into his arms in a fresh flood of tears. It was some minutes before an explanation could take place. If Livingston wrung Heinrich's hand and hugged him with half the force he did me I do not wonder that my German friend was anxious to leave immediately. All our attempts, however, at bolting were crushed in the bud by our host and hostess, who took us bodily in charge. In half an hour Heinrich, as I am convinced entirely against his will, was dressed in a dry suit from the wardrobe of Livingston, who, [illegible] the whole of that evening, seemed to be [illegible] under the delusion that copious draughts [illegible] and Marcobrunner were necessary to his happiness; while Madam suffered under the same delusion, only varied by cold turkey and broiled birds. We spent a very happy evening.

It is almost useless to say that a strong friendship grew up between the Livingstons, Heinrich, and myself. They soon became the confidants of our aspirations, and of Heinrich's love, with that true delicacy which always marks a man of the right stamp. When Livingston's offer of aid to Heinrich did come, as come I knew it would, it came to me.

I am not now about to enter upon a statement of all my finesse; it is sufficient to say that, in three months and seven days after the first proposition, Heinrich allowed himself to accept the necessary funds to fit up a lithographic office with material and presses, and a modest house with furniture, for all of which he gave his notes payable at different dates, extending over a period of five years. Nothing was now left to do but the sending for the mother and Marguerite, which was soon accomplished. We counted the days, and consulted the oracle—the silver florin. Nothing occurred to mar its brightness. It was clear, by the magical money, that the loved ones were on their way, and happy. Every night I handled the florin with religious faith, wiped it carefully and returned it to its bed, which I renewed as often as it became soiled. Since the adventure with Lilly and its results I had become a rigid convert to the charm; in reward for which I was often indulged with its charge of an evening, as a child would be allowed to play with a toy it admires. The time drew near for the expected arrival—every thing was arranged. It was agreed that Heinrich and Marguerite were to be married at Livingston's house, after which they would repair to their own. In one week, at farthest, the steamer would bring the bride. Heinrich was nervous, strongly given to silence and long walks; I to consultations with the clerk of the weather.

One bright cold morning in January, before I was out of my bed, Heinrich with hair uncombed, minus coat, vest, and one boot, rushed into my room. He was ghastly pale, his lips closed, his teeth set. In his hand he held the florin, the lid of the box open. His appearance terrified me—I sprang from my bed. To my question as to what was the matter, he could only gasp, "The florin! The florin!" I looked in the box, the florin was there, but how transformed! Only the night before I had wiped it, and laid it on a new bed of cotton; now, it was not only dull but positively black—dark as silver that had been years exposed to the air. I shuddered as I looked upon its ominous deadness, and turned pale as Heinrich hoarsely stammered out, "They are all lost! Dead! dead! dead!" I had no word of comfort for my friend. In my mind's eye I could see the fine ship going down at sea with all her living freight. It was not in me to bid him hope. I did all I could do—I mingled my tears with his, and together we mourned over the announcement of the florin.

It was by mutual agreement that we concluded to reserve the disastrous news from the Livingstons until the steamer was past due. Time flew away without moderating our grief, when one bright sunshiny day we were startled by the shouts of the newsboys as they ran up Broadway, "Arrival of the steamship *Atlantic*. Extra '*Erald!*" I could see the flush fly over the face of Heinrich, and then he became paler than before. It was but a few minutes and we were at the dock, where the ship was just hauling in, the passengers grouped upon her deck. How he strained his gaze! I felt that I too could have known them from sympathy. "They were not there." How my heart fell! "They have died upon the passage. The florin was right." Before the gangway plank was out Heinrich was upon the deck, I after him. "When did they die?" he said, seizing the Captain by the arm. "Die! who die?" said that jolly mariner in response. 'Twas I who answered their names. "You will find them below I take it, Sir; they wasn't dead ten minutes ago." I could have hugged that splendid man; but I didn't. Instead of which I made a long leg, and followed Heinrich below, and in one minute found myself kissing a deuced pretty girl, about twenty, and a nice motherly looking old lady about sixty, as though they were my own mother and bride-expectant. The old lady had been sick on the passage, and having just recovered, Marguerite had judged it best not to awaken her from her sleep. And this accounted for the non-appearance on deck.

The florin was a false prophet—Heinrich and I mutually agreed to say nothing about the deception. But in the midst of our happiness it leaked out, and the charmed piece was exhibited in all its hideous blackness: Marguerite looked grave, Heinrich puzzled, and Livingston inquiringly. It was black, even to darkening the cotton upon which it lay. Livingston took a portion of the cotton from the box and examined it, and then in a careless way held it to the light: it flashed and was gone. "The murder was out:" I was the culprit. In making the bed for my favorite, I had used a wad of gun-cotton that had lain in my room for months: sulphuric acid and silver are antagonistic, and hence the black—

We had a merry wedding, and I indorsed his taste. Marguerite was a pretty girl, and a good girl; she has been a good wife, too, for these ten years, and given three pretty children to their home. Heinrich is a prosperous man.

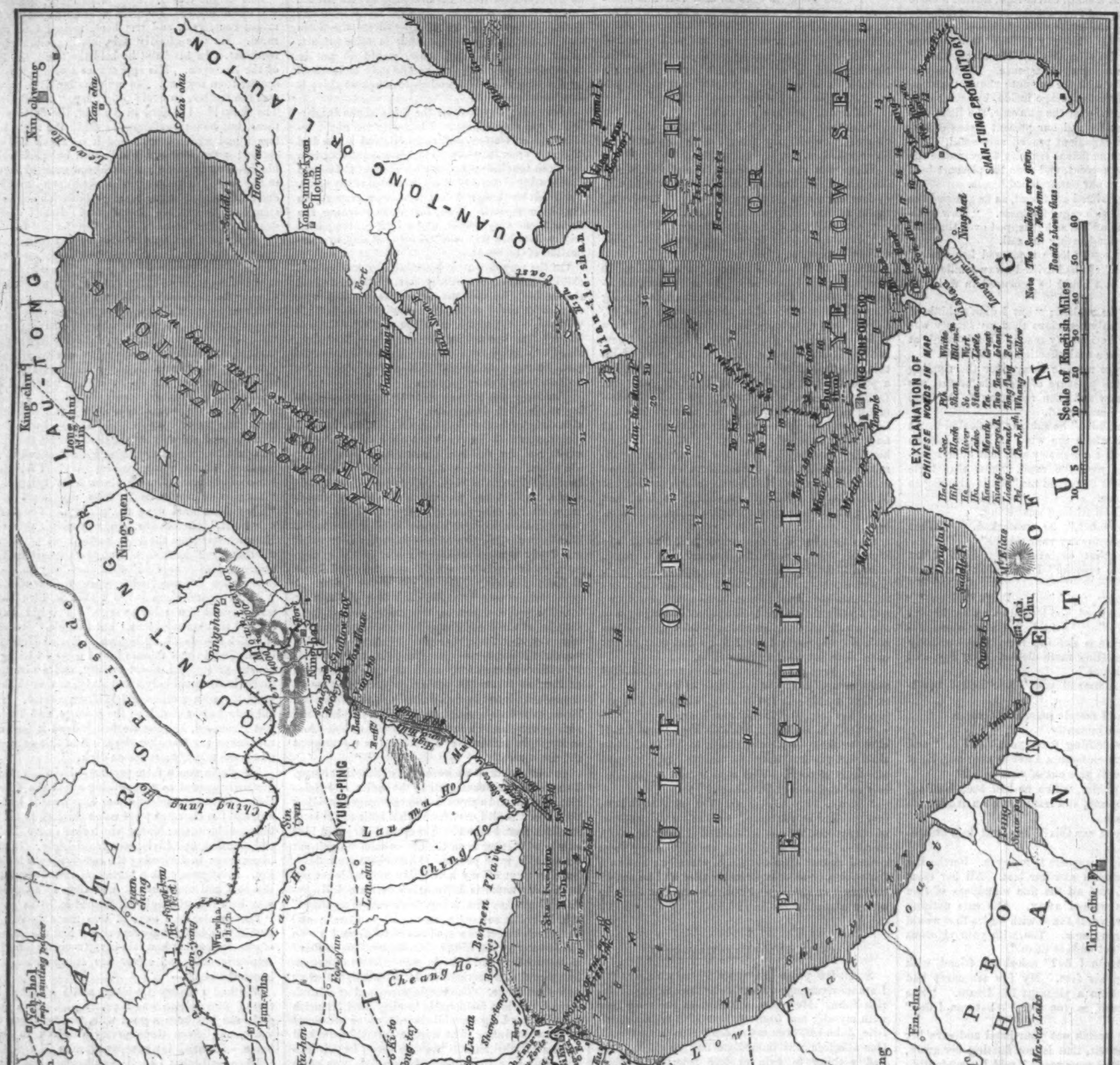
I hope only that I shall be as happy a one in my marriage with Lilly (there's nothing strange in that, is there?). We are not to be married for two years yet, and then Lilly will be seventeen, and I thirty.

OUR MAP OF NORTHERN CHINA.

The admirable map of Northeastern China which we publish herewith, will enable our readers to follow with precision the movements of the Allied squadrons in China. At the latest dates received both English and French had commenced the attack—whether upon the Taku Forts, or upon another point of the sea-board, with a view to the occupation of Tien-tsin, we are not yet informed.

The mouth of the Pei-ho is now historical ground. In 1854 the British and American plenipotentiaries visited it, and made vain efforts to obtain permission to ascend the river. In 1858 Lord Elgin and Baron Gros forced the entrance, and took the Taku Forts after a sharp engagement; sailed up the river to Tien-tsin, which they entered forcibly; but were foiled in their desire to visit Pekin, and returned home, as it afterward proved, without having effected any thing. In 1859 the new British embassador again presented himself at the mouth of the Pei-ho, and claimed, under the treaty, the right of ascending the river. The demand was evaded, an attack ensued, and the assailants were beaten back. It was on this occasion, as our readers will all remember, that our gallant Tatnall discovered that "blood was thicker than water." Once more, in 1860, the British and French squadrons are at the mouth of the Pei-ho; this time they will probably carry their point, and not stop either at Taku or Tien-tsin.

The Province of Pe-chili, which will be the scene of the coming campaign, is the most northerly province of China, and is said to contain about 30,000,000 inhabitants. It derives its chief importance from its containing the capital—Pekin—of which we published an account, in connection with Mr. Ward's visit thither, in No. 154 of this journal. Next to Pekin the most important place in the Province is Tien-tsin, which stands on the confluence of the Pei-ho River and the Grand Canal. Tien-tsin has been a city of great wealth, being the dépôt of the grain trade, where the grain-bearing fleet from the south used to distribute their cargoes for the supply of the capital and other northern cities. But, latterly, the Grand Canal has fallen into such hopeless decay that it has

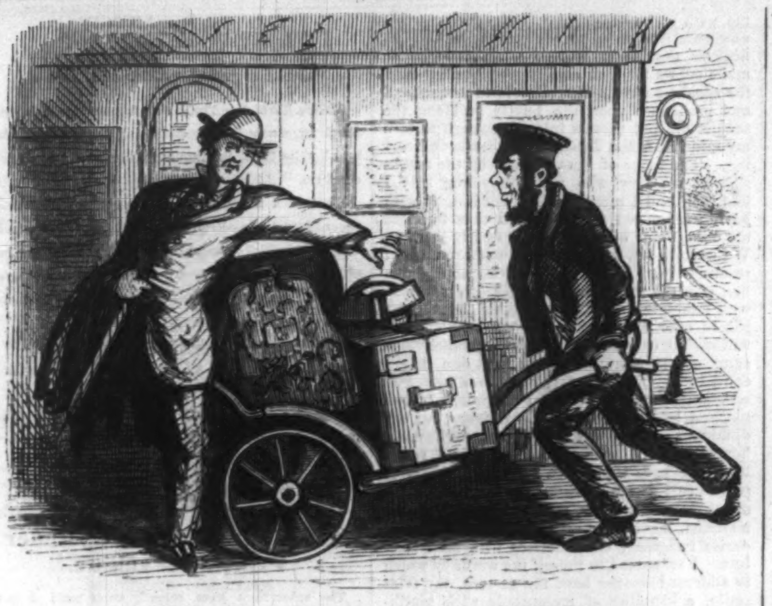


MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN CHINA—PROVINCE AND GULF OF PE-CHILI.

ceased to be of use as a channel of communication; while, on the other hand, the rebellion has prevented many of the grain-growing provinces from sending their usual supplies of rice and wheat to the capital. Hence not only Tien-tsin, but the whole adjacent country is in a state of crying poverty; people are and have been starving to death by the thousand, and Pekin itself has been the seat of a famine.

The River Pei-ho or Tien-tsin—it is known by both names—and the other rivers of Pe-chili, must not be confounded with the great rivers of China, or with the noble streams of this country. The Pei-ho is a shallow, muddy river, with a rapid current, an uncertain course, and marshy banks; the same description will suffice for the other rivers of Pe-chili. Nothing but such enormous outlays as used to be made in the palmy days of the Manchoo dynasty, will render them fit for the purposes of trade. As a whole, indeed, the province is the most desolate in the kingdom.

A few days more will probably place us in possession of news which will impart a rare interest to the localities marked on our map.



"WHERE THE —— ARE YOU DRIVING TO, SIR?" CRIED I.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

NEXT mornings are terrible things, whether one awakes to the thought of some awful run of ill-luck at play, or with the racking headache of new port or a very "fruity" Burgundy. They are dreadful, too, when they bring memories—vague and indistinct, perhaps—of some serious altercations, passionate words exchanged, and expressions of defiance reciprocated; but, as a measure of self-reproach and humiliation, I know not any distress can compare with the sensation of awaking to the consciousness that our cups have so ministered to imagination that we have given a mythical narrative of ourself and our belongings, and have built up a card-edifice of greatness that must tumble with the first touch of truth.

It was a sincere satisfaction to me that I saw nothing of the skipper on that "next morning." He was so occupied with all the details of getting into port that I escaped his notice, and contrived to land unremarked. Little scraps of my last night's biography would obtrude themselves upon me, mixed up strangely with incidents of that same skipper's life, so that I was actually puzzled at moments to remember whether *he* was not the descendant of the famous rebel friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and *I* it was who was sold in the public square at Tunis.

These dissolving views of an evening before are very difficult problems: not to *you*, most valued reader, whose conscience is not burglariously assaulted by a riotous imagination, but to the poor weak Potts-like organizations—the men who never enjoy a real sensation, or taste a real pleasure, save on the hypothesis of a mock situation.

I sat at my breakfast in the Goat meditating these things. The grand problem to resolve was this: Is it better to live a life of dull incidents and commonplace events in one's own actual sphere, or creating, by force of imagination, an ideal status—to soar into a region of higher conceptions, and more pictorial situations? What could existence in the first case offer me? A wearisome beaten path, with nothing to interest, nothing to stimulate me. On the other side lay glorious regions of lovely scenery, peopled with figures the most graceful and attractive. I was at once the associate of the wise, the witty, and the agreeable, with wealth at my command, and great prizes within my reach. Illusions all! to be sure; but what are not illusions—if by that word you take mere account of permanence? What is it in this world that we love to believe real is not illusionary—the question of duration being the only difference? Is not beauty perishable? Is not wit soon exhausted? What becomes of the proudest physical strength after middle life is reached? What of eloquence when the voice fails or loses its facility of inflection?

All these considerations, however convincing to myself, were not equally satisfactory as regarded others, and so I sat down to write a letter to Crofton, explaining the reasons of my sudden departure, and inclosing him Father Dyke's epistle which I had carried away with me. I began this letter with the most firm resolve to be truthful and accurate. I wrote down not only the date but the day, "Goat, Milford," followed, and then, "My dear Crofton,—It would ill become one who has partaken of your generous hospitality, and who, from an unknown stranger, was admitted to the privilege of your intimacy, to quit the roof beneath which the happiest hours of his life were passed without expressing the deep shame and sorrow such a step has cost him, while he bespeaks your indulgence to hear the reason." This was my first sentence, and it gave me uncommon trouble. I desired to be dignified, yet grateful, proud in my humility, grieved over an abrupt departure, but sustained by a manly confidence in the strength of my own motives. If I read it over once, I read it twenty times; now deeming it too diffuse, now fearing lest I had compressed my meaning too narrowly. Might it not be better to open thus: "Strike, but hear me, dear Crofton, or, before condemning the unhappy creature whose abject cry for mercy may seem but to increase the presumption of his guilt, and in whose faltering accents may appear the signs of a stricken conscience, read over, dear friend, the entire of this letter, weigh well the difficulties and dangers of him who wrote it, and say, is he not rather a subject for pity than rebuke? Is not this more a case for a tearful forgiveness than for chastisement and reproach?"

Like most men who have little habit of composition, my difficulties increased with every new attempt, and I became bewildered and puzzled what to choose. It was vitally important that the first lines of my letter should secure the favorable opinion of the reader; by one unhappy word, one ill-selected expression, a whole case might be prejudiced. I imagined Crofton angrily throwing the epistle from him with an impatient "Stuff and nonsense! a practiced humbugger!" or, worse again, calling out "Listen to this, Mary! Is not Master Potts a cool hand? Is not this brazening it out with a vengeance?" Such a thought was agony to me; the very essence of my theory about life was to secure the esteem and regard of others. I yearned after the good opinion of my fellow-men, and there was no amount of falsehood I would not incur to obtain it. No, come what would of it, the Croftons must not think ill of me. They must not only believe me guiltless of ingratitude, but some one whose gratitude was worth having. It will elevate them in their own esteem if they suppose that the pebble they picked up in the highway turned out to be a ruby. It will open their hearts to fresh impulses of generosity; they will not say to each other, "Let us be more careful another time; let us be guarded against showing attention to mere strangers; remember how we were taken in by that fellow Potts; what a specious rascal he was—how plausible, how insinuating!" but, rather, "We can afford to be confiding, our experiences have taught us trustfulness. Poor Potts is a lesson that may inspire a hopeful belief in others." How little benefit can any one in his own individual capacity confer upon the world; but what a large measure of good may be distributed by the way he influences others! Thus, for instance, by one well-sustained delusion of mine, I inspire a fund of virtues which, in my merely truthful character, I could never pretend to originate. "Yes," thought I, "the Croftons shall continue to esteem me; Potts shall be a beacon to guide, not a sunken rock to wreck them."

Thus resolving, I sat down to inform them that, on my return from a stroll, I was met by a man bearing a telegram informing me of the dying condition of my father's only brother, my sole relative on earth; that, yielding only to the impulse of my affection, and not thinking of preparation, I started on board of a steamer for Waterford, and thence for Milford, on my way to Brighton. I vaguely hinted at great expectations and so on, and then approaching the difficult problem of Father Dyke's letter, I said, "I inclose you the priest's letter, which amused me much. With all his shrewdness, the worthy churchman never suspected how completely my friend Keldrum and myself had humbugged him, nor did he discover that our little dinner and the episode that followed it were the subjects of a wager between ourselves. His marvelous cunning was thus for once at fault, as I shall explain to you more fully when we meet, and prove to you that, upon this occasion at least, he was not deceiver but dupe!" I begged to have a line from him to the Crown Hotel, Brighton, and concluded.

With this act, I felt I had done with the past, and now addressed myself to the future. I purchased a few cheap necessaries for the road, as few and as cheap as was well possible; I said to myself, fortune shall lift you from the very dust of the high road, Potts, not one advantageous adjunct shall aid your elevation!

The train by which I was to leave did not start till noon, and to while away time I took up a number of the *Times*, which the Goat appeared to receive at third or fourth hand. My eye fell upon that memorable second column, in which I read the following:

"Left his home in Dublin on the 8th ult., and not since been heard of, a young gentleman aged about twenty-two years, five feet nine and a quarter in height, slightly formed, and rather stooped in the shoulders, features pale and melancholy, eyes grayish inclining to hazel, hair light brown, and worn long behind. He had on at his departure—"

I turned impatiently to the foot of the advertisement, and found that to any one giving such information as might lead to his discovery, was promised a liberal reward on application to Messrs. Potts and Co., Compounding Chemists and Apothecaries, Mary's Abbey. I actually grew sick with anger as I read this. To what end was it that I built up a glorious edifice of imaginative architecture, if by one miserable touch of coarse fact it could crumble into clay? To what purpose did I intrigue with Fortune to grant me a special destiny, if I were thus to be classed with runaway traders or strayed terriers? I believe in my heart I could better have borne all the terrors of a charge of felony than the lowering, debasing, humiliating condition of being advertised for on a reward.

I had long since determined to be free as regarded the ties of country. I now resolved to be equally so with respect to those of family. I will be Potts no longer. I will call myself for the future—let me see—what shall it be that will not involve a continued exercise of memory, and the troublesome task of unmarking my linen? I was forgetting in this that I had none, all my wearables being left behind at the Rosary. Something with an initial P was requisite, and after much canvassing I fixed on Pottinger. If by an unhappy chance I should meet one who remembered me as Potts, I reserved the right of mildly correcting him by saying, "Pottinger, Pottinger! the name Potts was given me when at Eton for shortness." They tell us that among the days of our exultation in life few can compare with that in which we exchange a jacket for a tailed coat: the spring from the tadpole to the full-grown frog; the emancipation from boyhood into adolescence is certainly very fascinating. Let me assure my reader that the bound from a monosyllabic name to a high-sounding epithet of three syllables is almost as enchanting as this assumption of the toga virilis. I had often felt the terrible brevity of Potts; I had shrunk from answering the question, "What name, Sir?" from the indescribable shame of saying, Potts; but Pottinger could be uttered slowly and with dignity. One could repose on the initial syllable, as if to say, "Mark well what I am saying: this is a name to be remembered." With that there must have been great and distinguished Pottingers, rich men—men of influence and acres; from these I could at leisure select a parentage.

"Do you go by the twelve-fifteen train, Sir?" asked the waiter, breaking in upon these meditations. "You have no time to lose, Sir."

With a start, I saw it was already past twelve, so I paid my bill with all speed, and taking my knapsack in my hand hurried away to the train. There was considerable confusion as I arrived—a crush of cabs, watermen, and porters, blocked the way, and the two currents of an arriving and departing train struggled against and confronted each other. Among those, who, like myself, were bent on entering the station-house, was a young lady in deep mourning, whose frail proportions and delicate figure gave no prospect of resisting the shock and conflict before her. Seeing her so destitute of all protection, I espoused her cause, and after a valorous effort and much buffeting, I fought her way for her to the ticket-window, but only in time to hear the odious chant of a great bell, the bang of a glass door, and the cry of a policeman on duty, "No more tickets, gentlemen! the train is starting!"

"Oh, what shall I do!" cried she, in an accent of intense agony, inadvertently addressing the words to myself. "What shall I do!"

"There's another train to start at three-forty," said I, consolingly. "I hope that waiting will be no inconvenience to you. It is a slow one, to be sure, stops every where, and only arrives in town at two o'clock in the morning."

I heard her sob; I distinctly heard her sob behind her thick black vail, as I said this; and to offer what amount of comfort I could, I added, "I, too, am disappointed, and obliged to await the next departure, and if I can be of the least service in any way—"

"Oh no, Sir! I am very grateful to you, but there is nothing — I mean — there is no help for it!" And here her voice dropped to a mere whisper.

"I sincerely trust," said I, in an accent of great deference and sympathy, "that the delay may not be the cause of grave inconvenience to you; and although a perfect stranger, if any assistance I can offer—"

"No, Sir; there is really nothing I could ask from your kindness. It was in turning back to bid good-by a second time to my mother—" Here her agitation seemed to choke her, for she turned away and said no more.

"Shall I fetch a cab for you?" I asked. "Would you like to go back till the next train starts?"

"Oh, by no means, Sir! We live three miles from Milford; and besides, I could not bear—" Here again she broke down, but added after a pause, "It is the first time I have been away from home!"

With a little gentle force I succeeded in inducing her to enter the refreshment-room of the station, but she would take nothing; and after some attempts to engage her in conversation to while away the dreary time, I perceived that it would be a more true politeness not to obtrude upon her sorrow; and so I lighted my cigar, and proceeded to walk up and down the long terrace of the station. Three trunks, or rather two and a hat-box, kept my knapsack company on the side of the tram-way, and on these I read, inscribed in a large hand, "Miss K. Herbert, per steamer *Ardent*, Ostend." I started. Was it not in that direction my own steps were turned? Was not Blondel in Belgium, and was it not in search of him that I was bent? "Oh, Fate!" I cried; "what subtle device of thine is this? What wily artifice art thou now engaged in? Is this a snare, or is it an aid? Hast thou any secret purpose in this rencontre, for with thee there are no chances, no accidents in thy vicissitudes; all is prepared and fitted, like a piece of door-carpentry?" and then I fell into weaving a story for the young lady. She was an orphan: her father, the curate of the little parish she lived in, had just died, leaving herself and her mother in direst distress. She was leaving home—the happy home of her childhood (I saw it all before me—cottage, and garden, and little lawn, with its one cow and two sheep, and the small green wicket beside the road), and she was leaving all these to become a governess to an upstart, mill-owning, vulgar family at Brussels. Poor thing, how my heart bled for her! What a life of misery lay before her! What trials of temper and of pride! The odious children—I know they are odious—will torture her to the quick; and Mrs. Treddles, or whatever her detestable name is, will lead her a terrible life from jealousy, and she'll have to bear every thing, and cry over it in secret, remembering the once happy time in that honey-suckled porch, where poor papa used to read Wordsworth for them.

What a world of sorrow on every side! and how easily might it be made otherwise! What gigantic efforts are we forever making for something which we never live to enjoy! Striving to be freer, greater, better governed, and more lightly taxed, and all the while forgetting that the real secret is to be on better terms with each other; more generous, more forgiving, less apt to take offense or bear malice. Of mere material goods there is far more than we need. The table would accommodate more than double the guests, could we only agree to sit down in orderly fashion; but here we have one occupying three chairs, while another crouches on the floor, and some even prefer smashing the furniture to letting some more humbly born take a place near them. I wish they would listen to me on this theme. I wish, instead of all this social-science humbug and art-union balderdash, they would hearken to the voice of a plain man, saying, Are you not members of one family—the individuals of one household? Is it not clear to you, if you extend the kindly affections you now reserve for the narrow circle wherein

"WHEN WE CAME TO THE GATE ON THE ROAD HE TURNED ROUND FULL AND LOOKED AT THE HOUSE," ETC.

you live to the wider area of mankind, that, while diffusing countless blessings to others, you will yourself become better, more charitable, more kind-hearted, wider in reach of thought, more catholic in philanthropy? I can imagine such a world, and feel it to be a Paradise—a world with no social distinctions, no inequalities of condition, and consequently no insolent pride of station, nor any degrading subserviency of demeanor, no rivalries, no jealousies—love and benevolence every where. In such a sphere the calm equanimity of mind by which great things are accomplished would in itself constitute a perfect heaven. No impatience of temper, no passing irritation—

"Where the —— are you driving to, Sir?" cried I, as a fellow with a brass-bound trunk in a hand-barrow came smash against my shin.

"Don't you see, Sir, the train is just starting?" said he, hastening on; and I now perceived that such was the case, and that I had barely time to rush down to the pay-office and secure my ticket.

"What class, Sir?" cried the clerk.

"Which has she taken?" said I, forgetting all save the current of my own thoughts."

"First or second, Sir?" repeated he, impatiently.

"Either, or both," replied I, in confusion; and he flung me back some change and a blue card, closing the little shutter with a bang that announced the end of all colloquy.

"Get in, Sir!"

"Which carriage?"

"Get in, Sir!"

"Second-class? Here you are!" called out an official, as he thrust me almost rudely into a vile mob of travelers.

The bell rang out, and two snorts and a scream followed, then a heave and a jerk, and away we went. As soon as I had time to look around me, I saw that my companions were all persons of an humble order of the middle class—the small shop-keepers and traders probably of the locality we were leaving. Their easy recognition of each other, and the natural way their conversation took up local matters, soon satisfied me of this fact, and reconciled me to fall back upon my own thoughts for occupation and amusement. This was with me the usual prelude to a sleep, to which I was quietly composing myself soon after. The droppings of the conversation around me, however, prevented this; for the talk had taken a discussional tone, and the differences of opinion were numerous. The question debated was whether a certain Sir Samuel somebody was a great rogue or only unfortunate. The reasons for either opinion were well put and defended, showing that the company, like most others of that class in life in England, had cultivated their faculties of judgment and investigation by the habit of attending trials or reading reports of them in newspapers.

After the discussion on his morality came the question, Was he alive or dead?

"Sir Samuel never shot himself, Sir," said a short pluffy man with an asthma. "I've known him for years, and I can say he was not a man to do such an act."

"Well, Sir, the Ostrich and the United Brethren offices are both of your opinion," said another; "they'll not pay the policy on his life."

"The law only recognizes death on production of the body," sagely observed a man in shabby black, with a satin neckcloth, and whom I afterward perceived was regarded as a legal authority.

"What's to be done, then, if a man be drowned at sea, or burned to a cinder in a lime-kiln?"

"Ay, or by what they call spontaneous combustion, that doesn't leave a shred of you?" cried three objectors in turn.

"The law provides for these emergencies with its usual wisdom, gentlemen. Where death may not be actually proven it can be often inferred."

"But who says that Sir Samuel is dead?" broke in the asthmatic man, evidently impatient at the didactic tone of the attorney. "All we know of the matter is a letter of his own signing, that when these lines are read I shall be no more. Now, is that sufficient evidence of death to induce an assurance company to hand over some eight or ten thousand pounds to his family?"

"I believe you might say thirty thousand, Sir," suggested a mild voice from the corner.

"Nothing of the kind," interposed another; "the really heavy policies on his life were held by an old Cumberland baronet, Sir Elkanah Crofton, who first established Whalley in the iron trade. I've heard it from my father fifty times, when a child, that Sam Whalley entered Milford in a fustian jacket, with all his traps in a handkerchief."

At the mention of Sir Elkanah Crofton my attention was quickly excited; this was the uncle of my friends at the Rosary, and I was at once curious to hear more of him.

"Fustian jacket or not, he had a good head on his shoulders," remarked one.

"And luck, Sir! luck, which is better than any head," sighed the meek man, sorrowfully.

"I deny that, deny it totally," broke in he of the asthma. "If Sam Whalley hadn't been a man of first-rate order he never could have made that concern what it was—the first foundery in Wales."

"And what is it now, and where is he?" asked the attorney, triumphantly.

"At rest, I hope!" murmured the sad man.

"Not a bit of it, Sir," said the wheezing voice, in a tone of confidence; "take *my* word for it, he's alive and hearty, somewhere or other, ay, and we'll hear of him one of these days: he'll be smelting metals in Africa, or cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Heaven knows what, or prime minister of one of those rajahs in India. He's a clever dog, and he knows it too. I saw what he thought of himself the day old Sir Elkanah came down to Furybridge."

"To be sure, you were there that morning," said the attorney; "tell us about that meeting."

"It's soon told," resumed the other. "When Sir Elkanah Crofton arrived at the house we were all in the garden. Sir Samuel had taken me there to see some tulips, which he said were the finest in Europe, except some at the Hague. Maybe it was that the old baronet was vexed at seeing nobody come to meet him, or that something else had crossed him, but as he entered the garden I saw he was sorely out of temper.

"'How d'ye do, Sir Elkanah?' said Whalley to him, coming up pleasantly. 'We scarcely expected you before dinner-time. My wife and my daughters,' said he, introducing them; but the other only removed his hat ceremoniously, without ever noticing them in the least.

"'I hope you had a pleasant journey, Sir Elkanah?' said Whalley, after a pause, while, with a short jerk of his head, he made sign to the ladies to leave them.

"'I trust I am not the means of breaking up a family party?' said the other, half sarcastically. 'Is Mrs. Whalley—'

"'Lady Whalley, with your good permission, Sir,' said Samuel, stiffly.

"'Of course—how stupid of me! I should have remembered you had been knighted. And, indeed, the thought was full upon me as I came along, for I scarcely suppose that if higher ambitions had not possessed you I should find the farm buildings and the outhouses in the state of ruin I see them.'

"'They are better by ten thousand pounds than the day on which I first saw them; and I say it in the presence of this honest townsman here, my neighbor'—meaning *me*—'that both *you* and they were very creaky concerns when I took you in hand.'

"I thought the old baronet was going to have a fit at these words, and he caught hold of my arm and swayed backward and forward all the time, his face purple with passion.

"'Who made you, Sir? who made you?' cried he at last, with a voice trembling with rage.

"'The same hand that made us all,' said the other, calmly. 'The same wise Providence that, for his own ends, creates drones as well as bees, and makes rickety old baronets as well as men of brains and industry.'

"'You shall rue this insolence—it shall cost you dearly, by Heaven!' cried out the old man, as he gripped me tighter. 'You are a witness, Sir, to the way I have been insulted. I'll foreclose your mortgage—I'll call in every shilling I have advanced—I'll sell the house over your head—'

"'Ay! but the head without a roof over it will hold itself higher than your own, old man. The good faculties and good health God has given me are worth all your title-deeds twice told. If I walk out of this town as poor as the day I came into it, I'll go with the calm certainty that I can earn my bread—a process that would be very difficult for *you* when you could not lend out money on interest.'

"'Give me your arm, Sir, back to the town,' said the old baronet to me; 'I feel myself too ill to go all alone.'

"'Get him to step into the house and take something,' whispered Whalley in my ear as he turned away and left us. But I was afraid to propose it; indeed, if I had, I believe the old man would have had a fit on the spot, for he trembled from head to foot, and drew long sighs as if recovering out of a faint.

"'Is there an inn near this,' asked he, 'where I can stop? and have you a doctor here?'

"'You can have both, Sir Elkanah,' said I.

"'You know me, then?—you know who I am?' said he, hastily, as I called him by his name.

"'That I do, Sir, and I hold my place under you; my name is Shore.'

"'Yes, I remember,' said he, vaguely, as he moved away. When we came to the gate on the road he turned around full and looked at the house, overgrown with that rich red creeper that was so much admired. 'Mark my words, my good man,' said he—'mark them well, and as sure as I live I'll not leave one stone on another of that dwelling there.'"

"He was promising more than he could perform," said the attorney.

"I don't know that," sighed the meek man; "there's very little that money can't do in this life."

"And what has become of Whalley's widow, if she be a widow?" asked one.

"She's in a poor way. She's up at the village yonder, and, with the help of one of her girls, she's trying to keep a children's school."

"Lady Whalley's school?" exclaimed one, in half sarcasm.

"Yes; but she has taken her maiden name again since this disaster, and calls herself Mrs. Herbert."

"Has she more than one daughter, Sir?" I asked of the last speaker.

"Yes, there are two girls; the younger one, they tell me, is going, or gone, abroad, to take some situation or other—a teacher, or a governess."

"No, Sir," said the pluffy man. "Miss Kate has gone as companion to an old widow lady at Brussels—Mrs. Keats. I saw the letter that arranged the terms—a trifle less per annum than her mother gave to her maid."

"Poor girl!" sighed the sad man. "It's a dreary way to begin life!"

I nodded assentingly to him, and with a smile of gratitude for his sympathy. Indeed the sentiment had linked me to him, and made me wish to be beside him. The conversation now grew discursive, on the score of all the difficulties that beset women when reduced to make efforts for their own support; and though the speakers were men well able to understand and pronounce upon the knotty problem, the subject did not possess interest enough to turn my mind from the details I had just been hearing. The name of Miss Herbert on the trunks showed me now who was the young lady I had met, and I reproached myself bitterly with having separated from her, and thus forfeited the occasion of befriending her on her journey. We were to sup somewhere about eleven, and I resolved that I would do my utmost to discover her, if in the train; and I occupied myself now with imagining numerous pretexts for presuming to offer my services on her behalf. She will readily comprehend the disinterested character of my attentions. She will see that I come in no spirit of levity, but moved by a true sympathy and the respectful sentiment of one touched by her sorrows. I can fancy her coy diffidence giving way before the deferential homage of my manner; and in this I really believe I have some tact. I was not sorry to pursue this theme undisturbed by the presence of my fellow-travelers, who had now got out at a station, leaving me all alone to meditate and devise imaginary conversations with Miss Herbert. I rehearsed to myself the words by which to address her—my bow, my gesture, my faint smile, a blending of melancholy with kindliness, my whole air a union of the deference of the stranger with something almost fraternal. These pleasant musings were now rudely routed by the return of my fellow-travelers, who came hurrying back to their places at the banging summons of a great bell.

"Every thing cold, as usual. It is a perfect disgrace how the public are treated on this line!" cried one.

"I never think of any thing but a biscuit and a glass of ale, and they charged me elevenpence half-penny for that."

"The directors ought to look to this. I saw those ham sandwiches when I came down here last Tuesday week."

"And though the time-table gives us fifteen minutes, I can swear—for I laid my watch on the table—that we only got nine and a half."

"Well, I supped heartily off that spiced round."

"Supped, supped! Did you say you had supped here, Sir?" asked I, in anxiety.

"Yes, Sir; that last station was Trentham. They give us nothing more now till we reach town."

I lay back with a faint sigh, and from that moment took no note of time till the guard cried "London!"

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